

THE FIELD AFAR



CLEARING A PATH THROUGH MARYKNOLL SNOWDRIFTS

MARYKNOLL N.Y.

FEBRUARY - 1924

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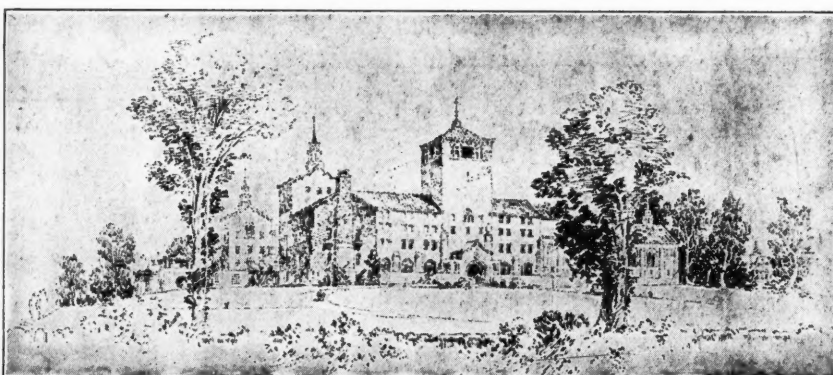
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BUT WHAT IS IT? TO YOU?

A beacon light—not simply for the tourists who mount the glorious Hudson on their vacation trips, or for dwellers among the Westchester hills, who from miles around will see its graceful tower marking a fine sky line, but for American Catholics from coast to coast, from the Gulf of Mexico to and beyond the border of Canada, for American Catholics—of whom you are one.

Some one said recently, "Maryknoll is the Nation's pride," and a great Cardinal in Rome said, "Maryknoll is the glory of the American Church." If these words impress you, your heart is in the right place; but if you are not adding the strength of, at least, your little finger to raise the great structure to its pinnacle, you are letting pass an opportunity which would one day bring supreme satisfaction.

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (MARYKNOLL)

Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE SEMINARY AND ADMINISTRATION

is situated above the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City, at Ossining (Maryknoll P. O.), N. Y. Students in the Seminary make the usual six-year course in philosophy, theology, scripture, etc. The Auxiliary Brotherhood of St. Michael was established for those who wish to devote themselves to foreign mission work, but are not inclined to pursue higher studies or to assume the responsibilities of the priesthood. The general management of the Society and the publication of its two periodicals, *The Field Afar* and *The Maryknoll Junior*, are carried on at this center.

THE MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY COLLEGE, at Clark's Summit, near Scranton, Pa., admits to a five-year classical course foreign mission aspirants who have completed the eight grammar grades. Connected with this institution is a group of the Maryknoll Sisters.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS have worked with the Society from the beginning, first as lay helpers and now as recognized religious. These Sisters devote themselves exclusively to work for foreign missions. (For further information, address: The Mother Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.)

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IN EASTERN ASIA.

THE first band of Maryknoll priests left for China in September, 1918, and were assigned to a field in Kwangtung. Since then, others, including Brothers and Sisters, have gone from Maryknoll every year. Today, Maryknollers count on the field forty-two—twenty priests, four Brothers, and eighteen Sisters—with missions in Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Korea. The center of communication and of supplies for the various missions in China is the Maryknoll Mission Procure, 10 Chatham Road, Kowloon, Hongkong. The central house of the Sisters in China is the Maryknoll Convent, 40 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hongkong.

Communications for Korea may be addressed to the Very Rev. P. J. Byrne, Catholic Mission, Tenshudo, Gishu, North Heianto, Korea.

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FOR these members, weekly Masses (more than a thousand every year) are offered by the priests, and they are remembered in the communions and other prayers of the students and Sisters. The same spiritual benefits may, if desired, be applied to departed souls.

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A THIRD HERO OF FEBRUARY

February 2 is the heavenly birthday of one who died that men's souls might live.

His letters have been gathered together, with an account of his life, in a book that has appealed to young and old, in all walks of life. It is called

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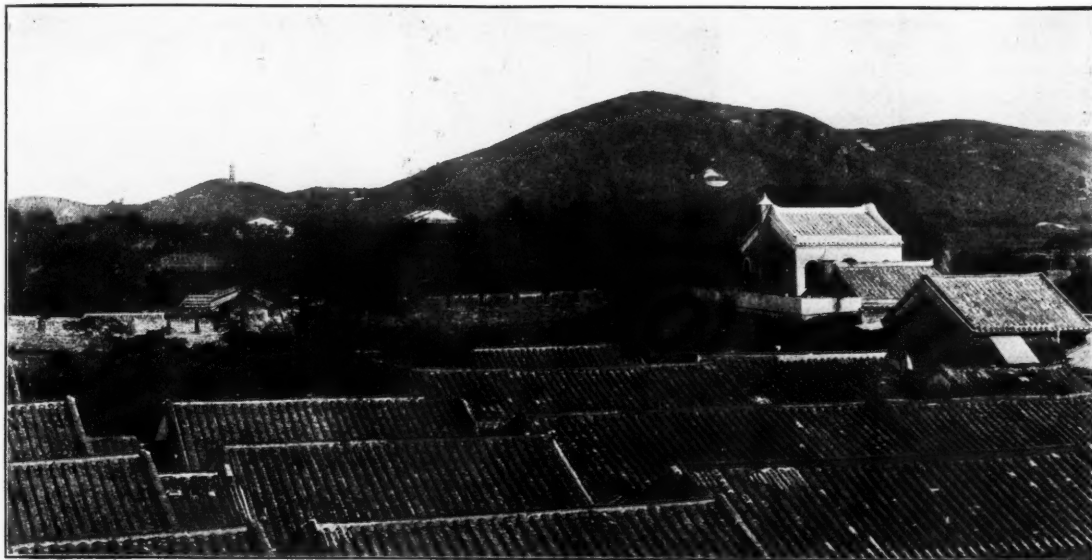
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Little Sheaves from Great Fields.



HOME OF THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS IN YEUNGKONG.

The view above the housetops takes in the chapel on one side, the convent on the other.

Yeunkong Notes.

Rev. F. X. Ford

ONE of the earliest advices given in the old days at the Knoll, by veteran missionaries, was that each missionary should have a den. It may seem incongruous, at first sight, that men whose calling is as messengers, should have such a personal, permanent, home-sounding, selfish or self-centered spot as a "den;" but it is because we are by our vocation so much away from home base that we need the creature comforts of a cozy room. If it is true that one returns from converse with men, less a man, it is certain that travel in wholly or semipagan lands dulls the edges of delicacy and forces a man to rest himself, to sharpen his blade anew. A den is a great help to forget the pagan world outside.

My room is the most attractive spot in China, after a trip around the stations, though you might find it rather disorderly at times. It is the only place a man can have conveniences. On our trips we put up, without any great hardship, of course, with the shortcomings of travel. We sleep

when and where the Christian or pagan host, or mosquitoes allow us; we eat what is put before us; and, in a physical way, our lot is not unpleasant. In the affairs of the soul, we employ ourselves, after a fashion, in molding the neophytes around us. Like most priestly work, it is a radiation of stored energy that exhausts itself unless renewed, and our life at the home base is our battery.

Hence, the influence of our room. Mine is a bit small for an untidy soul, but, at least, it lessens the size of my untidiness. I've inherited a habit of storing books on chairs where they are handier for reference than in the bookcase. Our Chinese bookcases have doors that were never properly seasoned, and, once opened, refuse to shut, or closed, stay stuck; so the chair is readier. This would be a permanent state of disorder with me if I had no visitors, but they flock in at the rate of twenty a day, and the chairs are cleared just as often to accommodate them.

You at the Knoll might like to visualize a typical missionary's room. It is

ten by twenty, divided by a partition. The smaller corner has my camp bed and washstand and a wardrobe; and this is the cleanest section of the room, for one of the schoolboys, during manual labor, keeps it fairly spotless. He has indexed my clothes and I need no light, at dawn, to find a change of outfit.

My workroom proper is my own creation and order, and, except that I am careful of matches and pipe ashes, there is a *snuggly* disregard of house-keeping that would send shudders through a tidy soul. The walls are hidden by two bookcases and two clocks. The clocks are a wretched attempt to have two timepieces on the premises agree. The school clock has a peculiar ability to be fast for meals and slow for study, that reveals its sympathy with the average boy. The house clock in the dining-room is tardy when the fire doesn't draw and dinner is delayed. Time is relative, especially in China, and it is hard to train a native governed by the sun and moon to put much trust in a mechanical toy which varies in every shop in the city.

The rest of the furniture in the room

G O D L O V E S A W O R L D - W I D E H E A R T .

is simple: two crucifixes, a calendar, a wall map, and some photos on the walls; a desk, typewriter, tobacco jar, three chairs, and a wastebasket—yet all the essentials are there and luckily I have no room for aught else.

The view, without straining my eyes, takes in the chapel on one side, the street and convent on the other. Like an ogre, I can watch the incoming visitors and the shortcomings of the students; a signal from the convent in case of bandit attacks; and the coming of the thieves of heaven to our orphanage. By opening my door, I can survey our two dormitories and see that lights are out on the tap of the bell—which is getting to be quite a problem, for our new school was built to house fifty boarders, and, at present, we have eighty-two. We have turned over three rooms in the priests' house to the school, and can mark time till next term; but, even then we can not plan more building, as both a girls' school and a larger chapel are more necessary and yet unbuilt.

It is a healthy condition just now, but the coming year's conversions will crowd us to the detriment of devotion and order. We are obliged even now to use the Communion rail as a kneeler, and the confusion at Communion time is unedifying. We are beginning to develop the American type known as "sharpshooters" who stand at the door of the chapel, but there is no remedy until we have larger quarters.

However, these are worries which should not enter my den and usually do not. There I'm at peace with the world, and allow only one small money drawer and a set of books to remind me of this mission.

My other books are larger in scope. Five years ago I came here with three books, but thanks to you at the Knoll and to others, I've a goodly supply now. A whole shelf is devoted to China, its religions and schools; a dozen good volumes on Japan keep me from being parochial; a set of Newman, the Encyclopedia, and a hundred other religious works make the room still more Catholic; while deep sea and detective stories prevent me sometimes from writing to you.

There is nothing, of course, in all



FATHER SANDY WITH A NEW CROP.

this worth remarking to you, except to give you an idea of your future home in China. A newcomer is sometimes surprised to find his Chinese room so like that in the Seminary; he does not expect the comforts of modern life, and perhaps is shocked to find them; but, after all, the Chinese are as human as white folk and have as many needs and satisfy them too. A newcomer will find no softness in a Chinese house, no feather bed or stuffy couch, no carpets, velvet curtains, or other dust collectors; no running water except in leaky roofs; no electric light or sanitary plumbing; no icebox or steam radiator, much less a telephone or vacuum cleaner; but after he has settled down, unpacked

his books and hung a picture or two, he becomes accustomed to the angles on his chair and is rather glad he is not pestered with modern comforts that need continual dusting. The tropics breed such a variety of insects that it is a man's job to offer them no hospitality and though he live in Spartan simplicity he is content with the victory won.

Every missionary's den, unlike the rest of China, is a happy hunting ground where spiders toil not, neither do they spin; where flies are sometimes kept at bay and mosquitoes find no welcome; where floors are swept and dirt is an intruder. By comparison with the rest of China, it is clean and in that lies its chief appeal.

The Rebellion.

Late last month our mission compound sheltered refugees again. After the monthly distribution of ammunition to the soldiers, a *petite* rebellion took place, and the soldiers fought against one another within the walled city. From our window it was spectacular to see the rebels defeat the guards of the North Gate, deprive them of their guns and ammunition, put their former comrades to flight, and march off with the latters' wives.

With the bullets exploding all day, life was not the most pleasant thing imaginable, and one of us did guard duty at the convent, where the women refugees had congregated.

The insurrection was short-lived, however, and was quelled just before nightfall. American flags were flying on all our buildings; so we were not molested.

Old People's Home

Thirteen grandmothers were baptized and four went to the Great Beyond. This part of our work does not produce as many Baptisms as the orphanage, and its upkeep is more expensive, but the great advantage of it is the breaking down of pagan prejudices, the making of new friends, and the interesting of possible converts. The

Cast your vote for Christianity in China. Fifteen dollars is a key to the situation. It supports for one month a catechist, who will instruct others unto justice.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS SHARE IN MARYKNOLL MERITS.

pagans have, I think, even more respect for the aged than some Christians, for usually the old folks are held in high honor, their duties lessen, and their rights multiply with age. Therefore, when the pagans see that we Catholic missionaries care for their homeless, neglected old ladies, it places our mission upon a high plane, in their eyes.

The Church.

Our records show 110 adult Baptisms during the year, which, though not a large number, marks progress. We prefer a few well instructed, faithful converts to larger numbers.

The outstanding visitor of the year was Bishop Gauthier—the only white man I saw all year, except the missionaries and the doctor at the Protestant Hospital. He confirmed 87; and this was the first time that Sacrament was administered since Maryknoll took the reins five years ago.

The Bishop presided also at the first graduation of the school begun by Frs. Price and Ford, awarding prizes to three and diplomas to ten. Of these, eight are Catholics.

We heard 4,230 Confessions during the year, distributed the Bread of Life 12,501 times, and performed six marriages.

All in all, it is a good record, and your prayers played not a small part in these results.

The School.

To my mind, the school is the most important mission work. It does not make such a strong appeal to the strings of the heart and the purse, as babies and grandmothers; so our schools are not multiplied as we, on the ground, should like. But we do what we can.

The reason for the importance of the school is this: If we teach the boys and girls, we shall win for Christ some of the next generation. It holds the same place as the parochial school in the States.

There are 78 pupils in the boys' school here, and during the year five were baptized. Most of the pupils are Catholics. The girls' school is an ac-

tuality (in the basement of the convent) with 20 pupils, of whom three have been baptized.

Our school pupils, including the village schools, total 537.

In your prayers, please include one for more Catholic schools in China.

A FINE RECORD.

Fr. Ford's boys' school, at Yeungkong, is making its impression. At a recent examination for entrance to the Government

Middle School, six Catholic boys from the mission school were awarded the following places: first, second, third, fourth, seventh, tenth. There were ninety contestants.

A Protestant school graduate made the sixth place; the eighth and ninth going to pagans.

Ask of me, and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession.

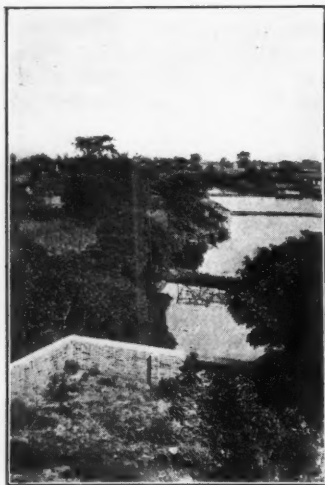


YEUNGKONG MISSION CONFERENCE ROOM, WHERE INSTRUCTIONS ARE GIVEN DAILY AT TEN.

Even the dog looks hopeful of the open door.

Five hundred dollars will secure, in our New Seminary, a memorial room for you or yours.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION PRODUCES THIS PAPER, YOUR GIFT BUILDS MARYKNOLL.



Ripples from Loting.

Christmas Eve. A select few decorated the chapel in preparation for the morrow's feast. We had nothing that might serve as crib, and infant, but we made the most of a highly colored picture of the Holy Family. Unfortunately, the paper star with a light behind it, which we had improvised, although itself a work of art, was two-thirds the size of the picture and almost hid the crib.

Christmas Day. There was no midnight Mass, but Fr. McShane celebrated his three Masses very early. At half-past eight the new curate attempted to sing a High Mass, while, at the same time, a large congregation assured the village, by a louder shouting of prayers, that the parishioners were fulfilling their duties. The volunteer organist does the honor also as soloist; the two Chinese boys who assist him literally render their parts asunder. "Adeste Fideles" was lost in the shuffling noise, but "Shepherd, Why this Jubilee?" with Chinese words, seemed to gain great favor.

The breakfast of red rice with feast day bananas was interrupted by a delegation of orphans and nurses from the crèche. Then came the school boys with their teachers to wish the Fathers a very merry Christmas. There was a great deal of bowing when the boys marched off in snappy goose step.

China will be converted through the Chinese—\$100 a year pays the expenses of a Chinese seminarian. Educating priests is charity of the eternal kind.

Instead of giving the usual gift of a necktie, the pastor bestowed upon each teacher a pair of American socks and a cigar.

For all we know, not a Pacific liner came to port in China, for nary a Christmas box did we see. A can of Heinz's Plum Pudding, reserved for such occasions as a visit from Fr. Superior or the Mandarin, had to come to our rescue, and soon we were entertaining a more cheerful outlook.

In the afternoon, in addition to the usual Loting congregation, many of the village folk attended Benediction. A tour of inspection made to the new Namkonghau road proved very gratifying, for about a hundred coolies, to whom the great feast of Christmas means nothing, were making considerable progress. Upon our return from the walk, we found Dr. Dickson, the Protestant physician, waiting to pay his Christmas visit. As this M. D. comes from Massachusetts, the new curate found that he had a link in common with the caller; later, when doughnuts from our Protestant friend, with cocoa, brought our Christmas day

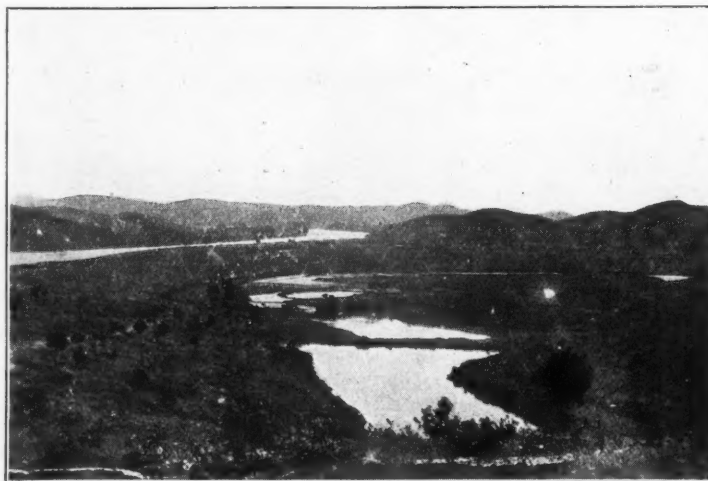
to a close half an hour before midnight, he discovered that there was another bond in common.

Two days after the day before. The November FIELD AFAR arrived and helped to dispel any gloom.

A notice came from the Chinese Post Office at Samshui requesting ten cents in stamps to examine the contents of a package from America. "The Christmas boxes!" jubilantly shouted the newcomer. "Sh-sh—If Chinese habits have disturbed you, what will the Chinese customs do to you? Your parcel, evidently, is valued at more than five dollars." Still, it's a grand and glorious feeling to know that we are not forgotten by the folks back home, even if the custom tax does rob us of a couple of taels.

A sign of good omen! This noon the Mandarin sent his card with a basket of Chinese fruit, to wish the Fathers "A Happy New Year."

The Chinese in these parts have begun their New Year's revolutions.



A FEBRUARY DRY SPELL IN LOTING.

START YOUR MISSION WORK NOW BY

"Many troubles," to employ the pidgin English of the language professor, for the great city of Canton is again threatened. But war and rumors of war must wait while the natives here grasp an opportunity to celebrate the foreigner's new year. The Chinese new year does not begin for another six weeks, but a feast of any kind is ever welcomed by the Oriental. Accordingly, we were not surprised at the delegation of Christians who waited on us early this morning to present their New Year's greetings. In deference to old age, the procession was led by a grandmother, who offered a live chicken to the Fathers with the company's compliments. With New Year's Day, came also the Christmas boxes from Maryknoll. Most of these packages were in good condition, but one packer neglected to shroud a certain box in a tin coat; so instead of "Happiness," there was more than "one worm in every piece."

To celebrate the arrival of the Christmas boxes, Chinese classes were called off and a holiday announced. Just before Benediction, a hurry call from the orphanage stated that a dying baby had been brought in. To the curate was given the privilege of making his first Christian, and, in less than a half hour after the saving waters of Baptism had flowed, the soul of the infant winged its flight to God, bearing the name of the curate's deceased father. The pastor also started the new year well by baptizing two children today.

From Snezeville (K'chow!).

THE assignment, by Bishop Fourquet, of Maryknoll Missions to cover a new and important district, has brought a redistribution of Maryknoll missionaries; but Fr. Adolph Paschang still remains at Kochow, a most promising field, carefully worked by Fr. Meyer.

After his retreat at Hongkong, Fr. Paschang writes:

There being no further excuse for lingering longer in hectic Hongkong, the procurator saw me safely on the boat for Kongmoon. Here I had another delightful stay at our hostel, the hired shop, while waiting for my junk.

Several groups of ours came through, going one way or the other, and I was still waiting. Finally I loaded my year's supplies on a Portuguese steamer bound for Shuitung. General Lam, the military boss at Kochow, was on ahead of me, and his suite had all the cabins. I was offered a space with the crew for fifteen dollars, but I unrolled my blanket out on the deck, for three. This boat made the trip in twenty-four hours, less than half the time used by the junks. With quick action in making arrangements for land transportation to Kochow, I surprised the Maryknoll compound in that city by coming in at bedtime, after splashing through the mud for the last fifteen miles of the trip, because the teacher I was bringing back from Canton had lost the power of locomotion and gladly took the chair.



A MARYKNOLL ALTAR.
Made by a Maryknoller for
Knollers in China.

When the people learned that Fr. Meyer is soon to leave here, the expressions of regret were many, but the sorrowful are consoled when they learn that "I" am going to stick with them. Anyway, we are getting lots of chickens, bananas, and dough-balls for presents these days, besides the special gifts for the lamented departed.

Before going away, Fr. Meyer is providing well for those who stay. At his instigation and backing, the eloquent catechist Yip opened negotiations for the purchase of the civil mandarin's *yamen*, and carried the deal through, although it took him almost a month to argue the selling committee down to less than half their first price. This

What Money Will Do For Maryknoll-in-China

- \$1** for a day's support of a missionary.
- \$2.50** for a month's support of a baby.
- \$5** for the ransom of a Chinese baby.
- \$10** for the personal medical expenses of a missionary.
- \$15** for a month's wages of a catechist.
- \$30** for the yearly support of a school boy or girl; or the yearly support of a leper.
- \$50** for the yearly retreat expenses of a missionary; the yearly support of a preparatory student; or the yearly upkeep of a village school.
- \$100** for the yearly travel expenses of a missionary or for the yearly support of a native seminarian.
- \$180** for the yearly salary of a catechist.
- \$200** for the yearly upkeep of a dispensary, orphanage, or catechist school.
- \$250** for the yearly support of a native priest.
- \$300** for the personal support and travel expenses, for one year, of a missionary.
- \$400** for the yearly upkeep of a modern parochial school.
- \$500** for a village school; the outfit and travel expenses of a missionary or a Sister, to Asia; or the yearly upkeep of a catechumenate.
- \$1,000** for a chapel or for an orphanage.
- \$1,500** for a small dispensary or for a native student bursar.
- \$2,000** for a modern city high school (100 pupils); or a catechumenate (40 catechumens and 2 teachers).
- \$3,000** for a catechist bursar or a priest's house.
- \$4,000** for a leper hospital (100 beds).
- \$5,000** for land to serve as a mission center (including that for Sisters); or a convent and convent chapel.
- \$15,000** for a sanatorium for missionaries; or land for a vicariate center.

new land gives nearly all the space we need for projected and necessary expansion. The *yamen* does not join our present compound, but we are expecting to get the intervening property also, and then we shall have an enviable position, right in the heart of the city. On the new property, there are no buildings suitable for a foreigner to



AT THE KOCHOW MISSION.

Women and girls "planning to have the Sisters come."

live in, but that can easily be fixed, and there is room to spare for our schools. So we are now planning to have the Sisters come as soon as they like. Buildings and land for a hospital have also been offered by the city.

Nor is this all. Yesterday several very fancily written documents came from the government school board, in response to our petition for government recognition of our school. Now we are duly chartered to give diplomas to our grade school graduates, thus being the first government recognized Maryknoll school in China. While this brings many annoyances in the line of red tape, and some added expense for special teachers, it does most certainly broaden our "face," since applications to enter the new school are coming from all quarters. The principal of one of the city schools, among other influential pagans, is sending his son. In a day or two we are to take possession of the *yamen*, and then the SACRED HEART SCHOOL will be formally opened with the band playing and the speakers speeching and the crackers cracking. Watch us grow!

The precarious financial condition of the various *pro tem.* local governments was very advantageous for us, as we got the *yamen* at a much lower price than we could have ordinarily. General Lam's name ought to be Gen-

eral Clean-up, for he is turning property into cash quite recklessly. Several temples in the city are for sale, and at some distance from Kochow, \$35,000 worth of rice fields are on the market. We called on the General yesterday; he is fairly young.

From the Tungchen Mission.

THE interesting account that follows, of mission methods in China, covers a period of almost three months. It has been taken from the diary of Fr. Dietz:

Fr. Sweeney, the Tungchen curate, has been appointed to one of Maryknoll-in-South China's new stations. He will be missed at Tungchen, as he is very popular with the boys (the pastor and Bro. John included).

The last two weeks were devoted chiefly to the study of the language. There is little I enjoy more than studying Chinese—would you believe it? When one has a mission to run, opportunities like this for regular book study are rare.

The Assumption is one of the four annual feasts which bring the Christians to the center. About two hundred put in an appearance—roughly one-third of my flock—a good turnout when one considers that this is the time for planting the second crop of rice.

The Loting, China, convent is a building. Its cost will be about five thousand dollars—a noble memorial for some fine soul that will benefit by the prayers of the heroic American Sisters who will labor and pray within its walls.

Spiritual returns of the feast were: Confessions, about 150; Communion, about 125—six of them being first Communion.

I spent four weeks in the country, going from one Christian settlement to the other, spending a day at each for the administration of the Sacraments. These four weeks represent a little more than half a complete tour of the Tungchen Mission. A digest of each day's work will afford a bird's-eye view of a priest's work in China:

August 26—A new place, hence Mass only and sermons. Spent the time getting better acquainted.

August 27—This place has been visited once before. The pagan neighbors are becoming more friendly. There were two Baptisms.

The man baptized might be called the first-fruits of our dispensary. We began treating him two years ago for tuberculosis of the hip joint, and, though we couldn't effect his cure, we have won his family to the Church.

August 28—At *Battle Creek*, one Baptism. I spent a good part of the time here discussing the erection of a chapel. The Christians promised the site and the bricks. This is one of our largest Christian settlements and a chapel large enough for all to gather for their daily prayers is a desideratum, not to say a practical necessity. These people are extremely poor, hence they could not be expected to furnish the lumber for the new building. They live from hand to mouth, by their daily toil. Most of the men are engaged in rafting.



Most of the men are engaged.

ALL ARE NOT CALLED, BUT ALL CAN



"She is a recent bride" now under instruction.

August 29—At today's station, Mass has not been said for about fifteen years. The father of the family with which I stayed, was killed by bandits, after refusing a ransom of \$1,000 which he could not possibly pay. Since then the mother had to make great sacrifices to raise her three young boys; and, as Tungchen was left without a priest for six years, the boys have never been instructed and the whole family lapsed into indifference. Two of the boys went to confession; I validated the three marriages, and baptised one baby.

August 30—The place reached to-day is another instance of what happens when a mission has to go without a priest for several years. I straightened out eight marriages, most of them contracted when Tungchen was without a pastor. Not a single woman of this place has been instructed, and it is a very large Christian settlement. Women catechists are hard to secure and cannot serve more than two or three places in a year. There is a native school here, supported by those who attend, and while fooling around with the boys (as I always do to gain their good will), I learned the principles of composing Chinese poetry. One of these days, I may inflict a poem on the readers of THE FIELD AFAR!

"If you haven't a smiling face, don't open a shop," say the Chinese. Keep the smile on the face of the man who displays the wares of Christianity—\$200 a year keeps him alive, and smiling.

August 31—I visited an entirely new locality and was quite a curiosity to the simple countrymen. While I was engaged in preaching at Mass, next morning, a meat-vender appeared at the entrance to the house and haggled without hindrance. Simple soul, he didn't know any better, nor did the master of the house, for that matter. Chinese politeness is a matter of code and ritual, not thoughtfulness.

September 1—White Temple is one of our oldest and most consoling settlements. There is a splendid family here, father and six stalwart sons and their wives. All but one of the women are well instructed. She is a recent bride. She has promised to come to the mission to learn the doctrine.

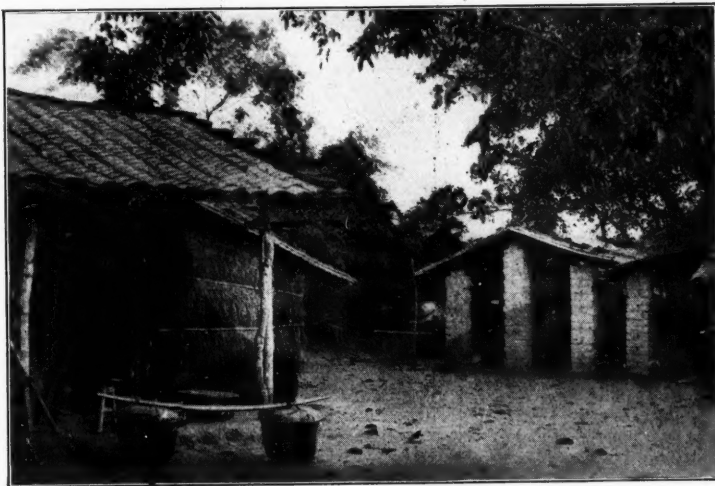
September 2—An entirely new place, of the kind that makes a missionary's heart feel good. "Big sister number 3," my best woman catechist, has been at work here for three months, and the place wears the aspect of a seasoned Christian settlement. The people know their prayers well. The men and boys have been under the tutelage of a cate-

chumen, a man of genuine merit. This station shows what a good catechist can accomplish.

September 3—Cold reception, because word that we were coming had not been delivered. Since the father of the family—at our stopping place—died many years ago, his children have drifted into indifference. However, the young master of the house, who got home after we arrived, treated us most kindly. The women promised to come to the mission for instruction, which is quite a concession, for the women of the backwoods are very loath to venture abroad. The place shows promise.

September 4—Met my hostess on the road. She was out for the day's business with a pannier of fruit confections, of which she offered me some. She came home that night all sold out and counted up her receipts with genuine delight, about ten or twelve cents. Life is really on a small scale in these mountains. There were two Baptisms next morning.

This is the Dollar Mission Monthly.



AT WHITE TEMPLE.

An entirely new place, of the kind that makes a missionary's heart feel good.

PRAY FOR VOCATIONS TO THE MISSIONS.

September 5—As usual there were some medical calls. "And He sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick."—Luke ix, 2. As this day's stop was in a market town, there were quite a few Christians and catechumens in evidence.

A *litteratus* presented me with a poem of praise and welcome! I desired to please him by studying through it, using the knowledge acquired a few days previous; but to my chagrin and his surprise, I discovered an error. Having stated how pleased I was with his kind thoughtfulness, I was promptly asked if I hadn't a position as catechist or school teacher that I might offer him. What Virgil sang of the Greeks applies as well to the Chinese. But, in China, one must remember to be always polite and diplomatic. One never says "no" bluntly, for there is no need of such brusqueness. "I will think about it" means the same thing and does not offend. I have since taken pains, however, to send this man some deep books on the doctrine. I overheard him arguing religion that night and was really impressed with his knowledge and earnestness.

September 6—I baptized fourteen persons—eight men and six women—and admitted also one boy to first Communion.

There is a nice little lad here on whom I had my eye, for the priesthood. But I find he is "engaged to be married." This is nearly always the case, and it is next to impossible to squeeze out of a Chinese engagement.

September 7—The people in this village are so wretchedly poor that recently the wife of one of the young men (fortunately she is not yet baptized) ran off and took to working out because her husband couldn't feed her. As this looked bad and entails a "loss of face," the girl's family have prevailed on her to return home for a time.

The women of this Christian settlement are not instructed, so that the only thing to do is to have them study, one or two at a time, at the Center, as women catechists are hard to find. Preparing women catechists ought to



HONGKONG.

View of the bay from Pokfulam.

be one of the chief works of the Sisters, and doubtless will be as soon as we have a Center.

September 8—Returned to Tungchen to afford the people at the mission an opportunity to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments.

FR. TAGGART has arrived at his new mission of which he writes:

Things here at Tungchen are splendid. The place is way beyond my expectations. Fr. Dietz deserves great credit for the work he has done. The people are docile, and while I have not been in many places, they are the best instructed Chinese I have seen in any mission yet visited.

I am alone at present. Fr. Dietz is in Hongkong, and Bro. John is in Kowchow taking care of Fr. Paschang. During a mission trip, acute indigestion got the better of Fr. Paschang. Though suffering much, he made a thirty-mile trip in a chair, to Tungchen, which was a very wise thing for him to do, as Bro. John brought him around, and in a week he was able to leave.

The people up here are like most of the hard-working Chinese—they refuse to be disturbed with politics. All they ask is to be let alone.

Have a Mite Box!
A post card will bring one.

From Maryknoll Sisters.

BUGS WE MEET IN CHINA.

By a Maryknoll Sister.

CHINA is the place for them, and they are large and small, friendly and unfriendly, winged and wingless. You meet them everywhere—in the clean places and in the dirty, in the dry and in the wet, in the hot and in the cold. They are so omnipresent that one of the Sisters has added an ejaculation to her daily list and it is, "From bugs, O Lord, deliver us."

The varieties are endless. There are the prize black beetles—cockroaches they are commonly called—and these make no distinction as to place—all places suit them. Turn the light off at night, and, after a few moments, switch it on again, and you will find Mr. Black Beetle with his brothers and sisters walking from the four corners for a general assembly somewhere. And his ears are well equipped because, before an assault can be made, off scampers the family, each one going a different line from what is expected. And they disappear under the baseboards, into cracks that you never knew existed.

One chap is quite religious and appears every night during our prayers. Sometimes he is satisfied to remain on the floor, but, more frequently, he runs up and down the candlestick or across

the altar cover, and his antennae clear the way for him. Of course, he is not left unmolested, but he is better equipped than his pursuer because, just when angry hands are ready to smother him, he uses his wings—heavy ones—and buzzes tantalizingly around like an aeroplane. He “planes” around the mosquito net at night, and, from the “buzz” you know he has learned some fancy dips and curves.

Our puny efforts, at night prayers, are not sufficient to dampen the intensity of his piety. The books in the prie-dieu bear evidence, in the morning, that he has been a-praying or a-walking, since in his perambulations of zeal he eats the covers, and leaves the books all pock-marked, forever bearing the evidence of his visit.

In our Yeungkong chapel, Mr. Beetle kept nightly vigil with the prayer books, but the Sisters were unwilling that he should enjoy such a feast; so after giving Mr. Beetle ample opportunity to gather his family at prayers, the Sisters would creep down stealthily in order not to disturb him before sending him into Nirvana. He is not easily caught, however, and the Sisters are still making their nightly pilgrimage to the chapel for a purpose other than praying.

His literary tastes are not confined to prayer books. He visits the library, and, on any book left unvarnished even for one night, he is good enough—or wicked enough—to leave always traces of his visit.

You'll say: “Why don't you use something?” We have—everything from paste which should leave him on his back but does not, to American cockroach powder, good enough for the home variety, but to which these chaps pay no attention whatever. We did not try some tiny bamboo cockroach traps the Chinese use, chiefly because Mr. Beetle remains to be drowned, and this is a long process.

At last we have the remedy—a special powdery concoction for this variety of beetle which finishes him quietly and unobtrusively. And now it is only a stray chap we see and he is usually feeling the presence of the powder. On his back with his feet in the air, he is struggling for life, but in vain.



Somehow or other, the ants—tiny red ones that move in droves of “thousands or millions”—get word of this prey, and, in single file, they march toward it in what seems to be a never-ending procession. If they get there first, bit by bit the choice morsel is carried away to some subterranean nook. And the tiny ants do this with such an air of importance and dignity that it seems a shame to dispose of Mr. Beetle's remains more quickly.

The red ants are not the only variety of their kind. White ants are peculiar to this climate and in “swarming” time they are “too numerous to mention.” On humid nights in early summer—and summer begins before the twenty-first of June—they flitter around the electric light, in hundreds. They drop onto books and papers, and lose their wings—then their wormy bodies crawl along into every crack and crevice. They respect neither person nor place and think it nothing to drop into your mouth, if the way is, unfortunately, clear. The morning after a “swarm” the gauzy wings of these night visitors are here, there, and everywhere; and are so numerous that they have to be brushed up. But, they are so “feathery” that any little motion of the air blows them along, and they remain “here, there, and everywhere.”

“What is the trick for having a peaceful ‘swarming’ night?” we asked of old residents. They told us to put a basin of water as close as possible to the light, and then, when the poor things get giddy from the rapid whirling, they drop quickly into the basin and stay whole, instead of leaving their wings in one place and their crawly bodies in another.

Of course, these are only a few varieties. The lizards are a-plenty and wriggle their way up the walls and into corners at a lively pace; but one soon gets used to them and it is a blessing that one can.



A SISTER'S FUNERAL IN CHINA.

ECHOES of our Sister Gertrude's edifying death and of her simple funeral have been reaching Maryknoll. In a recent communication, we read:

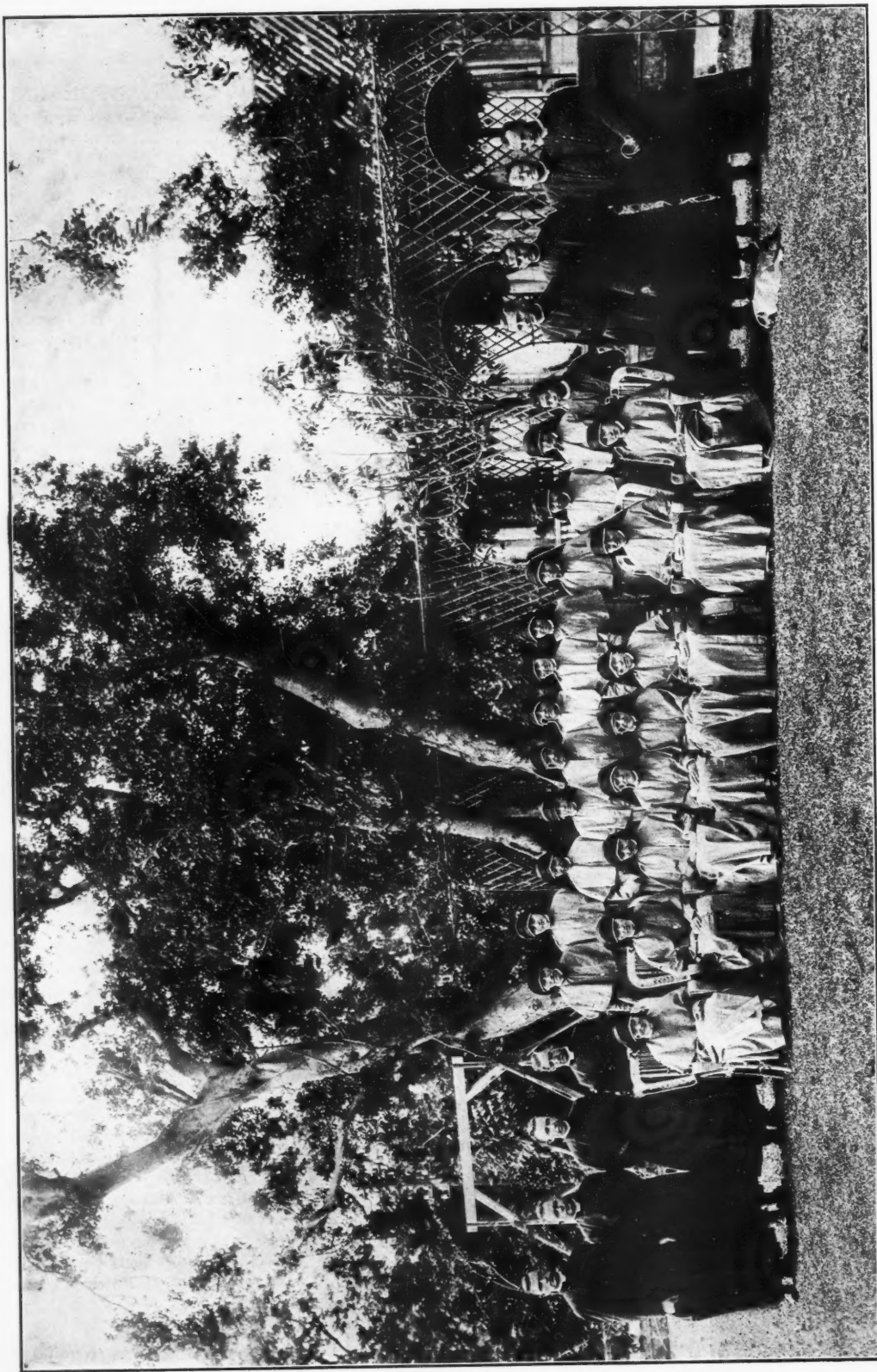
To the critical or aesthetic American eyes, the funeral would have appeared extremely simple, or, possibly, it would have been called crude; for the Chinese coffin (the hollowed trunk of a tree) carried upon two huge bamboo poles over the shoulders of twelve coolies, some of whom were not fully dressed, was brought from the convent into the church with much noise from the shouting bearers.

The High Mass was sung by Fr. Taggart, the responses made by Frs. Ford and Cairns, while Sisters Magdalen, Rose, and Dolores constituted the choir. After the blessing of the body, the coolies, with considerable delay and loud shouting, finally proceeded to the street, where they placed their grave-digging implements upon the draped coffin.

A procession of Christians—men, women, and children—began their mile walk to the cemetery, and prayed aloud as they walked, sometimes through showers of rain and pools of water. At the cemetery, the Sisters selected the plot, and the grave-diggers began, while we, under umbrellas, watched and waited. Firecrackers were being exploded, along the line of procession, from the time we left the church, and the last of them were set fire to in the burial ground. (Sister Gertrude, during her illness, had expressed the wish that there be firecrackers just as at a Chinese funeral).

The native coffin, encasing the breathless body, was lowered, and the pastor of Yeungkong spoke on behalf of Christ: “*I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live; and every one that liveth, and believeth in me, shall not die for ever.*” And I recalled one of Father Superior's favorite texts: “*Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone.*” Sister Gertrude is the first of us to so enrich the soil of China proper.

ARE IN YOUR POWER TO GIVE, WITH CERTAIN RESULTS.



A REUNION AT KOWLOON (HONGKONG) WHEN THE LATEST ARRIVALS MET THE PIONEERS.

They Say.

THE Bishop of Canton will establish a bureau to care for the spiritual needs of Chinese emigrants.

Catholics, in India, have launched a Vernacular Association to distribute leaflets to the millions of heathens who are beyond the reach of missionaries in that country.

We congratulate Brother Joseph Dutton, our venerable correspondent at Molokai, on a long and gratifying letter which he received from the late President Harding shortly before the death of that much loved Chief Executive.

China's people have intelligence and their country has vast resources. Chinese promoters of modern development are saying, "Watch us grow," and we must not let bandit reports hide the fact that there is continual growth. The United States Bureau of Commerce prepared the following table a short time ago. It gives us some inklings.

Bearing in mind that China is four times the United States in population and has one-fifth again our area, the growth is as yet small in many material ways:

	China	United States
Children in public schools...	5,000,000	22,000,000
Newspapers, periodicals	500	20,000
Factory laborers.....	200,000	9,000,000
Cotton spindles.....	3,000,000	36,000,000
Railway—miles	6,500	265,000
Telegraph—miles	50,000	1,500,000
Telephones	75,000	25,000,000
Motor cars.....	8,000	9,000,000
Petroleum output—gallons ...	100,000	16,000,000,000
Coal—tons	25,000,000	600,000,000
Foreign trade.....	\$2,000,000,000	\$26,000,000,000

A RACKING SUGGESTION

Your pamphlet, MARYKNOLL-AT-TEN, proved to be a best seller in our church book rack last month. Kindly send one hundred more copies. Check enclosed.

—A New York City Pastor.

10 cents each.

\$1.00 a dozen.



BISHOP WITTNER, EAST SHANGTUNG, WITH NEWLY ORDAINED NATIVE PRIESTS.

There is a Trappist Monastery in China, and, from American non-Catholic travelers, we have lately heard some very complimentary and edifying statements about it.

Recently a letter came to Maryknoll from the Superior, in the course of which we read:

During the thirty-three years our monastery has been in existence, we have had some very beautiful souls. Many among our Chinese choir religious, lay brothers, or young oblates, would be edifying subjects in the best houses of the order, because of their perfect observance of silence and their fidelity to the Rule. Many have given evidence of deep spirituality. These things make us wish to have numerous such monasteries in China.

Fr. Gasperment, S. J., of Sienhsien, who is directing a Spiritual Crusade for the conversion of China, has prepared a valuable synopsis of missions in that great country. He has taken his figures

for the population from the *Official Post Guide* of 1920 and for the Christians (Catholics) from the *Annuaire* published by his confrères at Shanghai in 1923.

Here are some interesting items and observations:

61 bishops in 56 vicariates; 1,438 European priests. (American priests [40] are included, being evidently too negligible a number to be distinguished.)

1,030 Chinese priests
2,143,166 Catholics
421,285,659 total population

The compiler observes that in China:

There is one Catholic for every 200 inhabitants.

There are more than 400 millions to be reached.

There is one priest for every 200,000 souls.

The number of baptized, which at the Boxer movement (in 1900) was 600,000, has gone up over 2,000,000.

The nations and orders sending apostles to China now brilliantly illustrate the Catholicity of the Church and this presages an immense effort evidently willed by Divine Providence.

The effort will produce supernatural fruit only if the seed sown shall be watered through PRAYER.

SO add to your daily prayers the invocation:

SACRED HEART OF JESUS,
THY KINGDOM COME IN CHINA!

THE MISSIONERS' HOME IS WITH CHRIST—IN ANY LAND.

THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

TWO feast days in the month of February appeal in a special way to Maryknollers—that of Blessed Théophane Vénard, February 2, and that of Our Lady of Lourdes, February 11.

Théophane Vénard, a young French missionary, martyred in 1861, in Tongking, has been the inspiration of many who are to-day interested in missions, if, in fact, they have not consecrated their lives to the cause. His feast day has signal recognition at Maryknoll.

So, too, has the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, for whom the late Father Price had a most tender devotion, and under whose patronage the first American mission was placed in China, at Yeungkong.

We bid our friends to take note of these Maryknoll days.

THE young man who looks forward to taking an active and personal part in the work of foreign missions, may be sure that, by his sacrifice, he will make his home a brighter place. True, he leaves his family behind, and only those who have given up a loyal son or brother can well appraise this loss. After the trial, comes peace to the hearth that has of-

fered its best to God. Afflictions, perhaps, will not be lightened; but they will be sweetened. The cross embraced is loved, though it be still the cross.

ONE by one, in the American dioceses, mission aid is being organized. This is heartening news, not only for priests in remote districts, where work has lagged for want of help, but for all who believe that faith in the home land can be best assured of continuance, by broadcasting the word of God over America, and beyond.

There is no diocese, however poor, that will not be blessed by encouraging offerings of money and vocations to the great cause of Catholic missions, at home and abroad.

WE know priests who believe that among the richest fields for tales of deep spiritual thrill are the mission annals. For a sermon on Baptism, on the Eucharist, on faith, on love, they turn to the apostolic life either of another age or of our own. They find there instances of rare beauty and devotion to mirror the lessons of the Gospels.

Let us hope that the future will find adequate sources at the disposal of priests. The Catholic missionary should serve, even more than at present, to keep flaming the vigor of established Catholic life.

THE American issue of *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* passes into history, giving place to the rather long-titled *Catholic Missions and Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*.

The *Annals* have been an important factor in arousing the Catholic conscience of this country to its duty toward the missions, and, in recent years, they were published in a form that

attracted the attention and good will of many. They lacked the special appeal to American mentality, as they were substantially a translation from European letters; but they were always edifying and instructive, stimulating alms, spiritual and material, and awaking vocations.

A PROFESSOR of education, in Shanghai College, published a book, recently, which aims to give Americans a perspective of the educational problem of China. Some of his figures are striking. China's present school population is 100,000,000. Two and one-half million teachers are needed—300,000 being at present at command. If China were to spend her present allotment of ten Mexican dollars per child for every youngster within her borders, a billion dollars a year would be her education bill. Undoubtedly this would be far from adequate. Uncle Sam's bill, with only one-quarter the pupils, is much beyond this.

China has a man-sized task if she is going to be up to date. Most of her leaders, therefore, are very ready to encourage mission schools as solid factors in the country's development. We have the responsibility of using the opportunity.

AERICAN foreign missions have often benefited by large gifts from Protestant men and women, and it is not uncommon, in mission lands, to find memorial hospitals and schools inscribed with the names of their individual founders.

The day may come when American Catholics will discover the opportunity afforded by mission activities and will rise generously to meet it, but, so far, this first period of world-wide mission development has passed

Keep in mind, please, that *The Field Afar* is only one dollar a year. How we can put it out at that price is another point. The fact stands.

ZEAL FOR THE EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM

with no record of any truly great gift to the missions from any individual layman.

Far from complaining, however, it is gratifying to note that an ever-increasing number of Catholics in all walks of life, are manifesting substantial interest in the propagation of Catholic faith. Better such cooperation than dependence on the whims of wealth.

¶ ¶

WE saw recently a circular issued by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Salt Lake, and it was particularly interesting.

Bishop Glass remarks that in the city where he resides, there are more than fifty Mormon bishops; that in his diocese, seventy-five per cent of the people are Mormons, "perfectly organized, very aggressive, and urged on by a remarkably earnest missionary spirit;" that "good old Catholic names like Gilligan, Kelly, Gallagher, and Lynch have become Mormon names;" and that "Patrick Murphy is a Mormon Bishop."

Only two per cent of the people within Salt Lake diocesan boundaries are Catholic, and only twenty-two priests have been secured to preserve and propagate the faith therein.

Many of these priests live in their sacristies, and cook their own meals. Bishop Glass states that "young men in Eastern dioceses are dissuaded" from going to his help and that he finds it difficult to pay for the few students he is fortunate enough to get.

Our foreign missionaries will sympathize with Bishop Glass. Surely if some young men, few as yet, can be found to leave their country and cross the Pacific to spread the Kingdom, many can be found and should be stimulated to go to Salt Lake and to other needy dioceses in the home land. There are vocations and means in this country for all kinds of mission work, which apostolic anglers can find—the sooner if they are organized.



THE BOY CHRIST.

*From a statue at Nazareth Hall,
St. Paul, Minn.*

The zeal of American Mormons is worthy of note—and, we may add, of imitation.

No one crossing the Atlantic, in recent years, can fail to have observed, especially on the home voyage, the propaganda in which these Latter-day Saints have been engaged. Catholic immigrants have often been approached by them, and the bait is tempting, although we are inclined to think that Patrick Murphy, the "Bishop," was not "converted" on a maiden trip from Ireland.

¶ ¶

"IN most places, converts can be had for the mere asking," writes one of our foremost apologists. He should know whereof he speaks. Perhaps his observa-

tion might be borne out by the experience of dozens of our zealous priests. If, as we learn in our popular work in apologetics, "A reasonable man should be a Christian and a logical Christian a Catholic," might we not say that every American wishes to be a reasonable man, hence, he should be a Christian? But when we analyze what is passing current as Christianity, we are not surprised that a people wishing to be considered reasonable is apathetic. American common sense has fathomed the fallacy of Protestantism.

What a burden is thus thrust upon the Catholics of America? "The human soul is naturally Christian," says Tertullian. The Catholic Church is the only true Christianity. Why not combine these two equations into a gloriously Catholic America? The soil is prepared; why do we not plant the seed? Our opportunities are without number. Do we desire a basis for our appeal? Our nation loves a hero; what greater hero than the Savior of the World? Our national life idolizes the athlete, the man; Christ Jesus, True God is yet perfect man. Why do we not bring Him to those for whom He hungers and thirsts? Do we desire an incentive? Why not loving gratitude? Let us play "Conversions" as our great national game with souls as stakes and the devil to conquer. We must teach our people the road of right reason. Perhaps the foreign missionary will teach us a lesson. A priest-friend of Maryknoll, a missionary in the American Foreign Missions in the Ozarks of Missouri, tells us that by adapting foreign methods to native conditions, he has increased his parish from fourteen families to sixty-four within four years.

ASSOCIATE—the other members of your family with Maryknoll, and let all, living and dead, share in the labors, prayers, and sacrifices of Maryknollers. Associate membership is fifty cents.

IS THE FRUIT OF AWAKENED INTEREST IN MISSIONS.

Ocean to Ocean

THE yearly visitation of Maryknolls in the United States was finished well before 1923 had passed into history. This means a run of six thousand miles, with about four weeks as the limit of time for the trip, but it is always worth while because it brings Mother Maryknoll and her scattered sons together, and helps to strengthen the bond between them.

The visitation was made by the Maryknoll Superior, who arrived in Chicago after a detour that carried him to Columbus and afforded him an unlooked for opportunity to inspect, leisurely, portions of Ohio and Indiana, from the windows of local trains.

In the great city of Chicago there is no Maryknoll establishment, but there are devoted friends among the priests, always ready to give the hand of welcome and to make pleasant the passing of a Maryknoller. A visit to the Paulist church revealed the fact that *THE FIELD AFAR* is popular in its pamphlet rack, where every month no fewer than one hundred fifty copies are installed and pur-

chased.

And what a boon it would be to all concerned if every church in the country had its pamphlet rack, with places for selected Catholic monthlies or weeklies, including, of course, you add, *THE FIELD AFAR*—which at only ten cents a copy should have a gratifying sale.

A sixteen-hour run, overnight, brought Duluth, Minnesota, into view, and another night of travel disclosed the Union Station under construction at St. Paul.

Stops were made in both of these cities, whose Ecclesiastical leaders have for many years kept close watch of Maryknoll and been its constant benefactors.

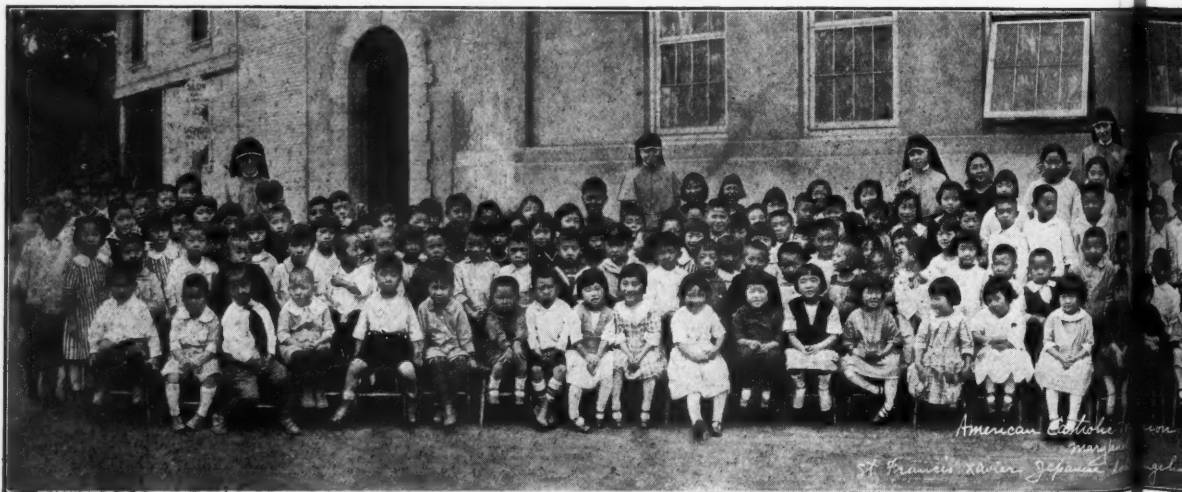
St. Paul has much to show already for its recent Educational Drive—but nothing more important than its new preparatory Seminary, a splendid structure impressive in all its details, that is already filled with earnest youths from the Archdiocese itself and from suffragan dioceses.

The Seminary looks down upon Lake Joanna, and its tower dominates the country side.

From St. Paul to Maryknoll-in-Seattle, the journey was made in three nights and two days, over the Northern Pacific, and, on a Saturday morning, while Seattle was enveloped in a dense mist, two yellow "bugs," such as one may see today taxiing about every city and considerable town in the United States, drew up at the Maryknoll Convent. It was a coincidence that, after a separation at Maryknoll, Frs. Walker and Gleason should turn up that morning, having had a thirty-six-hour run from San Francisco. All three baggage-encumbered arrivals were ready for Mass. These were said at the convent and across the way at the Providence Hospital.

That afternoon, the newly-acquired Procure for Maryknoll priests was occupied for the first time—possession being given by the former owner, a kindly Catholic woman, who left most of her furniture in the house, a fire in the stove, and the kettle boiling. It is a pleasure to do business with some people.

A man from New York once asked his Seattle host how he



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SCHOOL FOR BOYS, A visit to the Maryknoll school revealed no fewer than

CAN YOU GET BETTER VALUE FOR A SOLITARY DOLLAR

could live so far away, but the settled Seattleite can understand even less how anyone can live in New York—or, for that matter, away from Seattle. We shall not enter here upon a discussion of the subject, but we can assure our Eastern friends who have never been to the Pacific Coast, that surprises are in store for them at Seattle, not only in natural scenery but in Catholic accomplishment.

Maryknoll has until now been represented in Seattle by its Sisters, and by one Brother, who have done credit to the name and have now the good will of all who have come in contact with them.

The Sisters are housed in their own establishment—which belonged formerly to the Young Men's Hebrew Association—and it needs a coat of paint in order to look eminently respectable. The Japanese tots for whom they care, could make good use of some more room, but they seem satisfied and the Sisters are happy in their work.

Five Maryknoll Sisters were in the hospital across the street, two as patients and three as nurses in training; but the hospital is so

fine and fresh and big that a travel-worn visitor would be almost tempted to fall ill on the spot.

It is only a step to the deck of a steamer bound from Seattle to the Orient, and every Maryknoller in Seattle is anxious to take it; but some must wait.

With the establishment of a priest and Procure, the Seattle Maryknoll now takes a step forward, and we shall follow it with eager interest.

An overnight run brought the Superior to Portland, Oregon, where the Shasta limited unwittingly gives a fine chance for any traveling priest to stop over for Mass. Oregon was beautiful in late autumn foliage and in deep green hedges, and, although as a State it has not behaved itself on the private school question, the conviction is strong among its Catholic citizens that right and decency will triumph.

The Catholic body in Oregon is very small proportionally, but there is a growing number of large-minded non-Catholics.

In passing, a traveler from the East easily believes that if the advantages of Washington and Oregon were realized by immi-

grants, these comfortable States on our Northwestern corner would soon register a gratifying percentage of Catholics.

The ride from Portland to San Francisco, around Mount Shasta, takes a little more than a full day, and, on this occasion, brought the Maryknoll Superior to the city of the Golden Gate at noon on a Tuesday.

For an Easterner, it is a pleasant sensation to sit on the outside deck of a ferryboat in late November and enjoy the breezes. The passage from Oakland to San Francisco afforded this opportunity to the Maryknoller, who was welcomed on his arrival at the pier by Fr. Cassidy.

This same Fr. Cassidy has accomplished much in the past year, winning friends among the clergy and laity—and reducing the Procure mortgage to almost nothing. When this task is fully accomplished, he will turn his attention to our long-cherished plan of establishing, in the Archdiocese of San Francisco, a preparatory college for Pacific Coast vocations.

"Are there such?" you ask. The Maryknoller roster will answer that question even now, and there are strong reasons to believe



FOR THE, AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
over than red forty little black heads and as many pairs of twinkling eyes.

THAN A YEAR-FULL OF FIELD AFARS COMING TO YOUR HOME?

that the future will register many. The Church in San Francisco is well founded, and native sons are filling the diocesan preparatory as well as its major seminary. Asia is only a step away—the length of a gangplank—and zeal for the conversion of souls to Christ knows no territorial limits.

At Menlo Park, on the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, as in all Sulpician seminaries, priests from the diocese gathered to renew their clerical promises. This feast happened to coincide with the Maryknoll Superior's visit, and gave him an opportunity to meet Archbishop Hanna, and Bishop Keane of Sacramento, also to inspect the new preparatory seminary actually under construction at Los Altos, a slightly and most healthful township some miles south of Menlo Park. It is here at Los Altos, and near the diocesan preparatory seminary, that Maryknoll has been encouraged by the Archbishop of San Francisco to pitch its tents—when the time comes—and we hope that in God's Providence this time will not now be far distant.

Very few days could be spared for the San Francisco visitation, but the Superior was able to meet the relatives of several members of the Maryknoll family, and to address the Auxiliary—an active group of friends, organized at the start by Fr. McQuaide, then rector of the Sacred Heart Church.

Here also he met Fr. Kress, who arrived in good time from Los Angeles, after a propaganda campaign in the Middle West.

The favorable report from Los Angeles was confirmed by actual experience, a day or two later, when a visit to the Maryknoll School revealed no fewer than two hundred forty little black heads and as many pairs of twinkling eyes, all except one pair giving evidence of Japanese ancestry. The solitary exception was a Chinese boy, who, within a week after his arrival, was "captain of

the company," a position which he still holds.

The normal Maryknoll bulge, a crowded condition, characterized the Sisters' house and the school, but relief is possible; and, in the meantime, there is much good will, and our workers are happy in prospect as in actual effort. Fr. Swift with Bros. Théophane

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and Charles, rivals the Sisters in the manifest affection of these little Japanese charges.

During the Superior's visit, a young Japanese girl of much promise was buried from the school chapel. Hers is the first name in the baptismal record (the latest is number two hundred). At the Mass of requiem, nearly two hundred Japanese, in-



REV. WILLIAM S. KRESS.
Director of Maryknoll's Coast Houses.

cluding the Acting Consul, were present. Most of these were pagans, to whom, on this occasion, Fr. Swift, who conducted the services, explained the Catholic teaching on death and the future life.

The Maryknoll School for Japanese, in Los Angeles, is a most creditable institution and has elicited favorable comment from all who have seen it. The children are gathered daily from several quarters of the city, in two auto busses. Their parents pay for this service and also for the tuition. The amount asked is small, but cheerfully given. The Japanese, too, it should be remembered, have, in a large measure, met the expense of the construction of the school building at Los Angeles, and they are now gathering money for the purchase of new auto busses, which for some time past have been badly needed.

At the Sisters' Home, most of the children, forty in all, are paid for by the parents. Full payment cannot be made for all, while some are orphans and quite dependent upon the Sisters, who gladly give their service to one and all alike. The Maryknoll Sisters in Los Angeles hope later to take up hospital work for the Japanese in southern California.

I F Y O U C A N N O T B E A M I S S I O N E R

They are constantly encouraged in their several enterprises by Bishop Cantwell, who—and this should be said of every bishop on the Pacific Coast—is keenly interested in the welfare of the Japanese, and most anxious to have them feel the warm sympathy of the Church Catholic.

Bishop Cantwell will soon give Confirmation at the school chapel, on which occasion he will find a most appreciative congregation and a filial welcome.

The Superior ended his visitation at the Vénard College, and registered six thousand miles of travel, during thirty days. He spent sixteen nights on trains, but found, in one city, a priest who, for a period of forty nights, had done likewise (the young priest had been a Pullman car conductor).

But we can think of sleeping car berths as nothing but a luxury when we read of missionaries' nights on junks and sampans, on unyielding planks. Relativity always!

PRIEST-FRIENDS SAY:

We all like to hear from Mary's favorite sons, at least once a month. Kindly renew my subscription for two years.—*Rev. Friend, Ohio.*

Reading THE FIELD AFAR always makes me wish I had riches and could aid your work according to its deserts. I am enclosing a small donation without any string attached to it.—*Rev. Friend, Illinois.*

Thus far no seminarian has thrown me a hook and line; so I now throw a line with a fish attached for some seminarian to haul in. This money is for brick and mortar for the tower, if you so desire.—*Rev. Friend, New York.*

I am sending out appeals—begging. But I am glad to be able to help the work at Maryknoll. Enclosed find a mite. I hope you will mark me up for a "sacrifice hit."

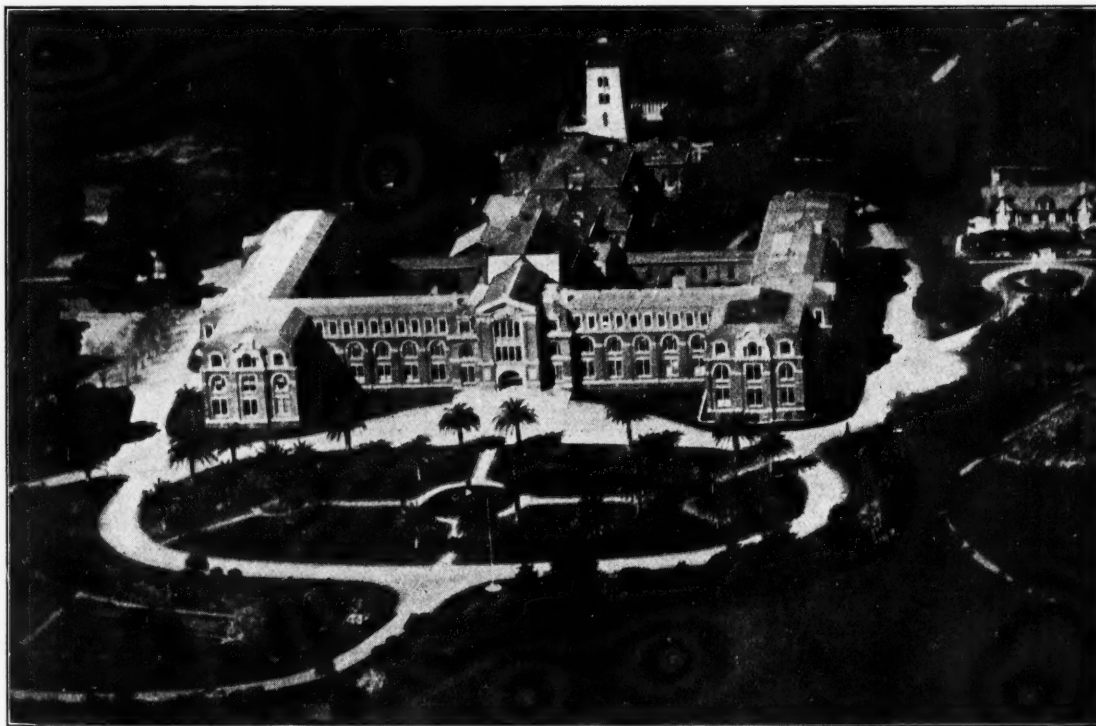
Every good wish and blessing for you and your work!—*Rev. Friend, Alabama.*

It is a pleasure for us to be identified with Maryknoll work, and I hope that, over and above the money that went from this parish to the Maryknoll Missions, we shall be able to give you some candidates who will dedicate their lives to this holy cause.—*Rev. Friend, New Jersey.*

The enclosed check for six dollars (\$6). please apply as follows: \$1 for *Life of Father Price*; \$1 for subscription to THE FIELD AFAR; the remainder is for your noble Christlike work, to be used in any way that you wish.

Let me hear from you at times, and, like the man in the Gospel, knock hard at my door if you find me asleep in my duty to the field afar.—*Rev. Friend, Wisconsin.*

Subscribe to The Maryknoll Junior



ST. PATRICK'S SEMINARY, MENLO PARK.

Airplane view of San Francisco's diocesan seminary.

BACK SOMEONE WHO CAN AND WILL.

From the Hearthstone.

ALL'S well along the Hudson, even though the ground hog did see his shadow. Of course, this does not mean that we have not a single care in the world, but now that the back of winter is broken—or at least bent—we feel that warmer days, for whose heat we shall not have to pay in big round dollars, are coming as did the Campbells of old. As our coal pile dwindled, our spirits rose. It is always more pleasant to look back on the winter days and realize with a deep gratitude just what we have been spared. Our bank messenger has not (yet) been held up and assaulted; our mail, for the most part, continues to arrive safely, and good friends think of us occasionally, so that we are able to keep the wolf from the chicken yard.

We can count, also, many special graces which have come to us individually and as a Society—vocations, conversions, Ordinations, and above all, the realization that the mission cause is spreading among the people, and the day of national effort for a national work is fast approaching.

All's well along the Hudson, and we don't care if the ground hog did see his shadow!

If you ever meet a Maryknoller, or should you visit the Knoll, you may be reminded, among other things, that the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is doing its best to carry out the program presented to the Hierarchy in 1911—that it should be *national*. Be it remembered always that Maryknoll is the national seminary for foreign missions. Our personnel today numbers about four hundred forty, and in this number there are representatives of fourteen different nationalities, although all, with only a few exceptions, are natives of the United States. There are aspirants from all the archdioceses, and as many as thirty-two dioceses are represented; while we may boast of the



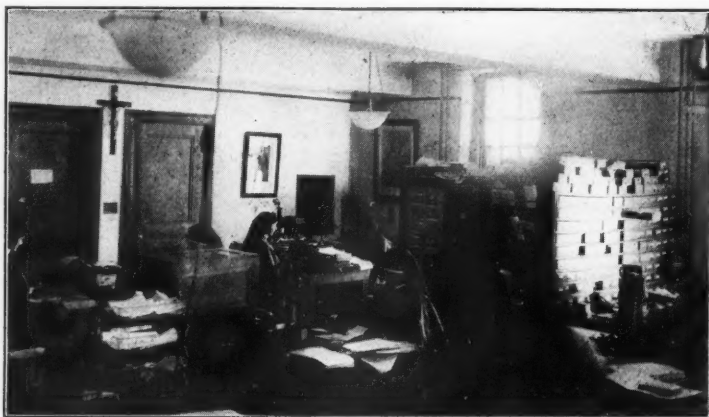
ST. MICHAEL'S LODGE.
A one-eye view from Rosary House.

fact that the great majority of States in the Union have a son or a daughter at Maryknoll.

In our attempt to Maryknoll the Catholic people of the United States, we have tried to spread THE FIELD AFAR to every section of this country, and we can count, at present, about 140,000 subscribers, which means that there are, possibly, about one million people reading our magazine. Our task now—a task in which you may prove a strong factor—is to reach the other seventeen million American Catholics. Suggestions come to us to send our priests out

through the country, but we can send only a few, and these, with strong encouragement of the bishops, have recently been making a successful propaganda in the dioceses of Newark, Albany, Syracuse, Erie, and Scranton. But we must count, also, on the cooperation of our present readers and subscribers, not only to keep their name in the stencil cabinet at our office, but to add to that cabinet.

VOILA! *Your* name is possibly in one of these stencil cabinets of which there are, in this room, at least a dozen.

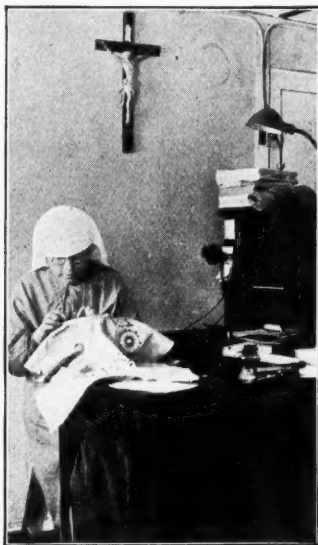


Voilà! Your name is possibly in one of these stencil cabinets. Now see that it is kept there.

PASS THIS FIELD AFAR TO SOME NEW FRIEND

Sometimes we feel that we do not give enough news about our faithful and efficient helpers—the Maryknoll Sisters. Not that we believe they need to be “featured,” but our feminine readers are always—more or less—looking for some mention of these noble women who have consecrated their lives to the work of Maryknoll. At times we ask ourselves, “What would we have done without the Maryknoll Sisters from the very beginning?” And we readily admit that a large per cent of Maryknoll’s success is due to their invaluable services.

Today, though they are lodged in somewhat more commodious quarters, the Sisters have as yet no building of their own, and when it is suggested that they give some thought to a real, substantial Maryknoll convent, they answer that there is time enough, and they are content to labor on in their own way, and wait until the work of Maryknoll is further advanced. Among other houses, the Sisters still occupy that which from the first has been called “St. Teresa’s Lodge,” a place which, though in good condition, has undoubtedly seen better days. (We have even been told that no less a personage than President Washington, the father of our country, spent a night there, which lends, at least, antiquity to the house.) Later, as the number of Sisters grew, they made tracks towards St. Joseph’s, and finally to the vacated pro-Seminary which they have “manicured” so splendidly that it is impossible, almost, to see even a faint vestige of its old self. Now with their numbers nearing the two hundred mark, we can picture them with an eye on St. Michael’s Lodge—their last resort. We dare not think what might happen when that little house is filled, lest we should be moved to tears—and we have very leaky eyes. So we ask you to give a thought to the Sisters—and a place in your will, if you have one—so that they may be



SISTER PHONESTA.
Busy about many things.

launched on their own way towards a substantial, roomy convent. And then watch them double their numbers.

We are trying to vision the scene of the Sisters taking over St. Michael’s Lodge, and at the same time we wonder what will become of the Auxiliary Brothers of St. Michael who now have quarters in that building. It is possible that we who are already in the partially-completed section of the Seminary will have to do a little pushing-over, and bring

Requests from the Houses.

For Maryknoll Center

Altar—Mass-kits, reversible vestments for Mass-kits, deacon’s stoles, Solemn High Mass sets of vestments, dalmatics and tunics (all colors), white copes, humeral veils, a red humeral veil, candlesticks, candelabra, small cruets, thuribles.

Clothing—cassocks, surplices, birettas, overcoats, rain coats, khaki garments, trousers.

Furnishings—rugs, tables, screens; for the office: typewriters, large and portable, typewriter stands, typewriter desks, a long carriage typewriter, electric desk lamps.

Library—dictionaries, Catholic encyclopedias, revised editions of the breviary, works of St. Thomas.

Manual Labor—carpenters’ and plumbers’ tools, hardware, harness (single and double), photographic supplies, picks, shovels, paint brushes.

Recreation—a handball court, ice skates, tennis nets, radio set with loud speaker, portable motion picture machines, soccer balls, quoits, gymnasium equipment, piano, Victrola, musical instruments for orchestra work.

For the Preparatory College

Altar—a green cope.

Outdoors—bell, statue of the Blessed Virgin.

For the Pacific Coast

Statue of St. Joseph and one of the Blessed Virgin.

For China

Dispensary—gauze, adhesive plaster, bedding (blankets, sheets, pillowcases).

Library—books on mission topics (up-to-date), spiritual books.

Church and School—a bell with tolling arrangement (between 200 and 250 pounds weight) for Fr. Paschang’s church and school.

For Korea

Stringless gifts for Fr. Byrne.



THE MANUAL LABOR HOUR.
Wrapping each book with a smile.

FOLLOW THE MISSIONER WITH YOUR PRAYERS.

the Brothers over to a portion of the new building. This plan would give their community an opportunity for "stretching" and we could then feel freer in encouraging more vocations to this branch of the Maryknoll activities. As with the Sisters, we realize just what a help to our work has been the assistance of the Auxiliary Brothers. There were only a few in the beginning, but steadily their numbers have increased, so that today they form a group of about forty, all highly esteemed members of the Maryknoll family, contributing their labors and prayers to the great cause.

Four of their number are already engaged in active service in the mission field,—as artisan, nurse, secretary, and teacher. All do not go to the missions. The larger number will probably remain at home where they are occupied as secretaries, machinists, electricians; at clerical work; or outside on the grounds or in the fields. But no matter what his employment, the young man who thus attaches himself to this work can advance it considerably by his consecrated service here or on the mission field.

There are, no doubt, many men in the world who would gladly embrace such a life if they knew of it. Study does not appeal to all men, and besides, the priesthood causes some young men to hesitate in accepting such grave responsibilities. On the other hand, a life led for God and souls, in whatever work a man is fitted, has many consolations, and is in many ways ideal. Not that it is devoid of sacrifice; the life of an Auxiliary Brother must be filled with sacrifice, as is the life of the priest, but his graces are abundant.

There is a place in the Maryknoll activities for almost every talent or accomplishment. A young man may be talented in only one way, and have nothing more than a noble heart in a strong body to offer; or he may be

talented in several ways. Whatever his previous work has been, we can find a place for him in our work, and his talent will earn much for God and for souls.



THE NEW CEMETERY WALL.

Society today is agog over the Chinese game Mah Jong and is much concerned whether or not the entire wall of China can be rebuilt, once it is torn down. We have had little time around the hearthstone to consider the Mah Jong difficulty, for other problems have been staring us in the face which concern us now much more significantly. A new wall has been built just below the

Seminary and we must Mah Jong the mason and his co-laborers until we raise a little pile of "the root" with which to fill their purses.

The wall is a slightly piece of architecture and stands at the head of the little cemetery. In its recess, a vault has been built, and above its top—a considerable distance removed—towers the new Seminary. If we could get ten cents for each of the stones shown in the picture of the wall, we should have only enough to begin payment for the work. Unlike Mah Jong, though, you cannot lose in placing any amount on the stones in the Maryknoll wall—you may even get interest "a hundred fold."

For a young Society, we have had many notable visitors—ranging from Cardinals down to altar-boys. In between, have been men more or less prominent in the public gaze—statesmen, barristers, doctors, and others. Recently, we received something of a start when we were told that there was a visitor on hand, a Corbett—James J. This was a new one! We got ready for the handshake with some feeling of temerity, only to find that it was Fr. Corbett—a pleasant, smiling little priest, who, with some of his brothers of the Vincentian Order, was on his way to the mission fields of China. For various rea-



EN PASSANT.

When Father James J. and his twin brother met Father James E.

HAVE YOU READ OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT?

sons he had brought his twin brother along with him!

Their visit coincided with a visit from Fr. James Edward Walsh who, by the favor of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, has been preaching for some time in the archdiocese of Boston with gratifying results.

The somewhat seasoned missionary was able to give the novice bits of information which may prove helpful in the new work.

We are always glad to welcome at Maryknoll men who are united with us by the bond of mission endeavor.

Maryknoll-in-Scranton.

CHEERFULLY and uncomplainingly performing one's allotted tasks, whether they be great or humble, pleasant or disagreeable, is the ideal for those who serve God's missions; and training youth in this ideal is one of the purposes for which the Vénard exists. Some who come to us have not been subject to much discipline, but they are full of good will, and it is not long, usually, before they begin to show a fine spirit of cheerful obedience. There are not many, however, who spend five years with us and have an absolutely perfect record in this regard; hence it may not be amiss to speak of one whose record is such.

Since his arrival in November, 1918, he has never been consulted as to the choice of his duties; good weather and bad find him at the same tasks; in the heat and in the cold, it is all the same. Moreover, he is not cheered with any thought that he may be soon called to higher things, for probably the rest of his days will be spent exactly as the past five years have been. We refer to our faithful little horse, "Blackie," who makes daily trips to Clark's Summit, and around the compound.

"Blackie" has a firm place in the annals of the Society, but, like the rest of us, he is growing older all the time, and every now and then we have to call on some of his equine companions to substitute for him, lest he be overworked—which brings us to another point. When we give "Blackie" a vacation, it necessarily breaks up one of the farm teams, for we have been, for some time past, one horse short. One of Bro. Xavier's principal needs is a good work horse (weighing about 1,300 pounds) to match another horse, and thus enable us to do more and better work. Perhaps one of our readers who received an automobile truck for Christmas, has a horse he can spare, and would like to secure for the faithful animal a good home where it can

still be useful. If such a one will write to the Rector of the Vénard, a service to all may be done.

And while we are on the matter of our needs (what a procession they make when we bring them to mind!) there is an excellent opportunity for a benefactor to have himself remembered many times each day. At present the students are summoned to their classes and other exercises by the sound of small electric bells in the buildings and on the grounds, but, during recreations, when baseball, football, or a walk in the woods take one out of hearing, how is one to get back on time? A large bell to be mounted in the place made for one on the power-house would solve the problem; and it is much needed. No one could forget the donor of such a piece of equipment—daily, hourly reminders would be its tones, and many a silent prayer for the welfare of the giver would be uttered throughout the years to come.

Reverend Fathers, did your church receive some nice new vestments lately? We hope so, for nothing is too good for our Eucharistic Lord, and we desire to see Him honored everywhere with the very best. It is our ambition that our chapel shall not be lacking in those things which will enable us to render the services with liturgical correctness and beauty, and thus to impress the minds of our young missionary aspirants with "the beauty of holiness," and give them memories to carry with them into their distant mission fields. We should be most grateful, if any church which has new vest-

"OBSERVATIONS."

PASTORAL PATS.

"O.O."—'tis an entrancing volume!
—Peru, Ind.

A rich mine of useful information, as well as a powerful incentive to ever-increasing zeal in my own work for the uplift and betterment of souls committed to my charge, is *Observations in the Orient*.—Baltimore, Md.

Observations is replete with information. I have already spent pleasant hours reading it, and do not remember to have been so interested in any book for a long time.—Brooklyn, N. Y.

I am almost through with your *Observations in the Orient*, and find it becomes more and more interesting. I travel with you, and feel that I am getting an extension course on China that is illuminating and profitable. It is a dignified and high-class appeal for foreign missions.—Des Moines, Iowa.

ments would let us have their old ones. We can use all sorts of things, but we have special need for red and green humeral veils, purple and red dalmatics, and a green cope.

Not many notable changes have taken place in the general appearance of things, but numerous trees planted in various places around the grounds will, in time, take away much of the appearance of newness which has hitherto been so evident. Our "highwaymen" have improved our roads, constructed



THE VENARD BROOK.
With its mantle of snow and ice.

culverts, and kept all our approaches in good order; so we are rapidly reaching top rank in beauty and efficiency.

The weather during our fall term remained mild, almost up to the end, and many outdoor sports occupied the students' free time. Rival teams of soccer, baseball, and basketball staged contests in which much enthusiasm was displayed; but the crowning event was the cross-country run which took place on the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. All through the autumn, groups of boys could be seen running up and down the roads—in practice for the great event. So when the "big day" arrived, all were in good trim. Five teams of four each took part in the race, and when, at the Rector's word, the first runners left the college grounds, there was great excitement. Watchers in the tower announced the progress of each contestant as far as he could be seen, which was to the point where the second relay began; then those at home had to content themselves until the last man on each team reappeared. As they neared "home," one closely following the other, the backers of the respective teams displayed all the eagerness of race track "fans," and there was loud cheering when the winner crossed the line—the team of which he was a member having made the course of five and three-fifths miles in 34 minutes and 44 seconds. Prizes, donated by friends in Scranton, were distributed at an entertainment in the evening, and all voted the event a thorough success. The cross-country run will now probably take its place among the established Vénard customs.

THE CHANGE.

A PLACE looks different after five years, and this absentee from the home of his first love, in the foreign mission work, was all attention on his return to the Vénard.

As he drove up to the old frame building near the road, his eyes were keen to recall its outlines. "Yes, here was our old school of twenty-eight boys, whom our professors of the early days tried hard to have fight the battles of Caesar or walk the parasangs of Xenophon." But when he entered, he found—a spick and span convent.

As when he landed at the Vénard, seven years before, the same "hexagon" of a barn still stands, bearing the marks of many games played against it.

But mark what is yonder! The power-house has risen on the site of the dilapidated hay barn, and a completed portion of the new College stands gloriously on a field where stones and potatoes were accustomed to grow promiscuously. It is a marvelous change which young minds in the "fifteens" never dreamed could be effected



CHILDREN OF GOD.
Baptized recently at Seattle.

in so short a time. And what a College building, with its wide corridors, large dormitories, up-to-date kitchen, library, fine study hall, shower baths, and spacious wash rooms. There seems to be missing only the coziness and log cabin life experienced in the "barracks of our attic" in the old frame house.

"I wonder if those who come to the Vénard when its student body has gone to one hundred, enjoy that same 'homey' feeling we did in our circle of twenty-eight? Perhaps they do, but it all looks strange to this returned veteran."

Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles

REPORT has it that Mr. Leo Shibakaki, vice consul, will go to Chudzukai, Manchuria, about December 1. He is a good friend of St. Francis Xavier's, and has been particularly devoted to Maryknoll's interests, especially since the visit of Bishop Berlioz, in August.

Messrs. Yonai, Ogura, and other Japanese, make up a committee to visit the parents of our children, to collect money for a new school bus. You may recall that some weeks back, the Japanese called a volunteer meeting at the Home and offered to take it upon themselves to buy a new bus.

Mr. —, from out Hollywood way, presented us with nearly a hundred dollars' worth of tools—all useful and in excellent condition.

F. Okamoto, a patient at County Hospital, whom the Sisters have tried to help in a spiritual way, was taken suddenly sick this morning and asked Fr. Van der Donckt to "pour water on his head." Afterwards the chaplain called us, and all are glad because another soul has been saved. The man lingered several hours and died peacefully. He came from Japan thirty years ago, leaving wife and children, whom he had not seen all this time.

Maryknoll-in-Seattle.

NOVEMBER brought many visitors to Maryknoll-in-Seattle. The visit of Fr. Corbett, C.M., and two Sisters of Charity, en route to China, was much enjoyed. Fr. Corbett, a native of Boston, entertained us with stories of his cross-country trip—nothing short of a vaudeville experience. Seldom does anybody come who gives more pleasure than did Fr. Corbett and his congenial co-workers of the white Cornette.

The *President Jackson*, Admiral Oriental Line, sailed from Seattle November 10, bearing our two braves, Frs. Lane and Morris, to their life work in China and Korea respectively. They were accompanied by a mascot in the shape of a puppy-dog, a lively gift for the Pastor, Rev. P. J. Byrne, of Wiju, Korea.

The big event of the season was the arrival of our Father Superior, who never fails us in his annual visitation. The joy of having him was too soon followed by the good-bys, which had to be said before a week had passed. But his coming brought new hopes and renewed energy, gained from his spiritual and kindly advices.

His going did not leave us alone, for the long-looked-for and much-prayed-for chaplain has at last taken up his abode in the Maryknoll Procure, and we are happy in the ministrations of Fr. Walker, a new Maryknoll priest.

The Maryknoll Circle members conducted a successful Rummage Sale for the benefit of our work, realizing the goodly sum of \$135. The free use of the salesroom was a donation from the owner.

While the Maryknoll Superior was in Seattle, on his recent visitation, a Chinese student of the University of Washington called on him. This young man is a Catholic, brought up in Shanghai where he was educated by the Jesuit Fathers and Marianist Brothers.

He lacked, however, an opportunity to learn English, and, for this purpose, went afterwards to a pagan college in Shanghai. Here his talents were remarked, and he was offered a scholarship in an American university, with the understanding that on his return to China he would serve the college, for some years, as a teacher.

The young man arrived, a stranger in Seattle, took lodgings near the University, and made the

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

acquaintance of several other Chinese students, no one of whom had any idea where a Catholic church could be found, or whether, in fact, there were any Catholics in Seattle.

After missing Mass the first Sunday, the young Chinese student managed to locate the Jesuit Church, and was directed to Maryknoll-in-Seattle, where he mentioned his experience.

The Maryknoll Superior, much interested, pointed across the street to the great Providence Hospital, that covers a city block. He then escorted the young Chinese to the cathedral, passing, on

the way, two large parochial schools. After inspecting the interior, they visited the cathedral rectory, a large hotel for working girls, another well-equipped hospital, and the Bishop's residence, all near by, with the result that the "boy from home" now wishes to lead his pagan compatriots in a Seattle pilgrimage, and wind up for a talk over teacups at the newly-occupied Maryknoll Procure in Seattle, where he knows he will find a welcome.

If we get busy with Chinese students now in this country, the Church in China will be the gainer.

The value of Lenten sacrifices may be doubled with little effort. For each act of self-denial, put its cost in a Mite Box for the missions. You will be surprised at the results.

Further! Spread the spirit of sacrifice among your friends by introducing the little reminder into their homes.

Send for your Lenten Mite Box now!

Our Seattle convent seeks benefactors for three statues at forty-five dollars each. If interested, kindly address L. B. K., Maryknoll Convent, Maryknoll, N. Y.



THE MARYKNOLL KINDERGARTEN, SEATTLE.

Some of the Maryknoll Sisters are in training at the hospital just across the street.

TO HELP A MISSIONER IS TO SHARE HIS REWARD.

Long Distance Messages.



IT is pleasant to note that the Cunard Line has arranged every necessary convenience for priest-travelers who desire to say Mass when crossing the Atlantic.

An Oblate of the Northwest refers to the *Young Seminarian's Manual* as a "veritable treasure." THE FIELD AFAR Office carries copies of this excellent little book.

The cover of our latest book, *Maryknoll Mission Letters*, has been much admired, and we are pleased to state that it was designed in the Art Department of Maryknoll.

Requests for American Sisters to serve various missions in Eastern Asia, are coming to Maryknoll, and we shall be pleased to correspond with any religious order interested.

We have received a copy of the address delivered at the Students' Mission Crusade Convention, by Msgr. McGlinchey, D.D., of Boston, Diocesan Director for the Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Childhood, and Church Extension.

It is in pamphlet form and very attractively illustrated.

The photographed statue of the "Boy Christ," which graces page forty-seven of this issue, is taken from a model executed for Nazareth Hall, the newly-erected preparatory Seminary of St. Paul, Minnesota. The statue, charming and inspiring in every detail, is the work of a Boston artist, Mr. Wollett, working under the direction of His Grace, Archbishop Dowling.

Do you know your laundryman?

Our recent request for the names of any Asiatics in your neighborhood brought many answers to *John Chang*. Perhaps you did not see our former request. If you are actively interested in Orientals in this country, get the address of such a neighbor (with his name written in Chinese characters also) and the village in China from which he came, and send it to us.

The Eastern Film Corporation, of New York, which at present is sending out the Maryknoll film to our friends, with no charge other than for express, has received the following appreciation:

We showed the films on the evening of November 28, and were immensely pleased with them. They are well selected, and this fact, coupled with the deep interest which the subject naturally has for us, combined to produce an evening of enjoyment for all of us.

Therefore, we cannot thank you sufficiently for your kind cooperation in this matter. We can assure you, however, of our deep and sincere gratitude.
—Pennsylvania.

There was and is a Vénard Club over in Brooklyn. It was started, a few years ago, by a group of interested youths, several of whom are today Maryknollers in training.

Other members took up evening school, and interest wavered for a while; but now we learn that the Club, though few in numbers, has its old strong spirit and is "out" for new members, fellows from nineteen years upwards, who can spare one evening a week to do some constructive work in helping, in their own little way, the cause of Maryknoll.

A fine spirit this.

About Old Clothes—Hold!

We have been calculating time, freight, and other items, with the result that we urge friends who have such to send to write ahead, giving some idea of their quantity and the classification. We can then advise whether or not the "game will be worth the candle."

We record, with sorrow, the death in Manila, P. I., of the Rev. T. Walters McKenna, of the Baltimore Archdiocese.

Father McKenna left this country for China, in September, 1920, accompanying three other priests, all from Maryknoll. He had hesitated for some years about his field of labor, having a strong feeling that it should be in the Philippine Islands.

He decided, however, to try China and offered himself to Maryknoll, under whose direction, after a year in its service here at home, he was assigned to a mission in South China.

The Philippine idea, however, was persistent, and, after about ten months of trial, and before receiving formal membership in the American Foreign Mission Society, he decided to transfer his labors to the Islands. He was received by Bishop MacGinley, of Jaro, where he rendered valuable service until forced to enter the hospital. After some weeks of patient suffering, he passed to his reward.

Father McKenna will be remembered lovingly at Maryknoll, and we ask prayers for his soul.

Diocesan Seminaries throughout the United States appeal as strongly to Maryknoll as does Maryknoll to most, if not all, of the Seminaries. And why not? The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America—which is Maryknoll—has been organized and conducted by former American diocesan priests, and, from the start, has been sustained largely by their confrères.

We have, on a former occasion, published a photograph of Kenrick Seminary, a fine type of building, at St. Louis. Now we present an airplane view of St. Patrick's, Menlo Park, the Diocesan Seminary of San Francisco. "Menlo Park" as this Seminary is more commonly called, is directed by the Sulpician Fathers, who everywhere love the foreign missions.

From Our Travelers.



THE SEPTEMBER GROUP.

Who were well cared for by the Admiral Line officers and crew.

THE group of Maryknollers that left in September had a somewhat rough voyage across the Pacific, but were well cared for by the Admiral Line officers and crew.

Their landing in Kobe was witnessed by Bishop MacGinley, who happened to be on his way to the States for the consecration of Bishop Gercke, of Tucson.

There was something very unusual about the landing of twenty-three Catholic missionaries from an American boat, and the habits of the three orders of Sisters represented, on that occasion, made the coolies on the wharf forget for a few moments their usual occupations.

Smiles greeted the Maryknoll Mother, and smiles were returned as the little horsemen trotted off with their charges to the Tenshudo—by which name the Japanese know the Catholic Church.

Fr. Byrne was on hand also to welcome the travelers, and smiles broadened into grins, rising at times to merry laughter, as shots were exchanged.

Two days later, the great boat

was at Shanghai where Mr. Lo and Mr. Tsu, warm Chinese friends of Maryknoll, acted as hosts, sharing this office with the convents. Forty-eight hours after leaving Shanghai, Hongkong was sighted, and the curtain fell as her Chinese daughters wept for joy on their Reverend Mother's cloak.



Smiles were returned as the little horsemen trotted off with their charges.

The story of THEOPHANE VENARD has inspired many to follow in his path.

To place here and there a copy of his life may be the part that God is asking you to play in the apostolic drama of the world.

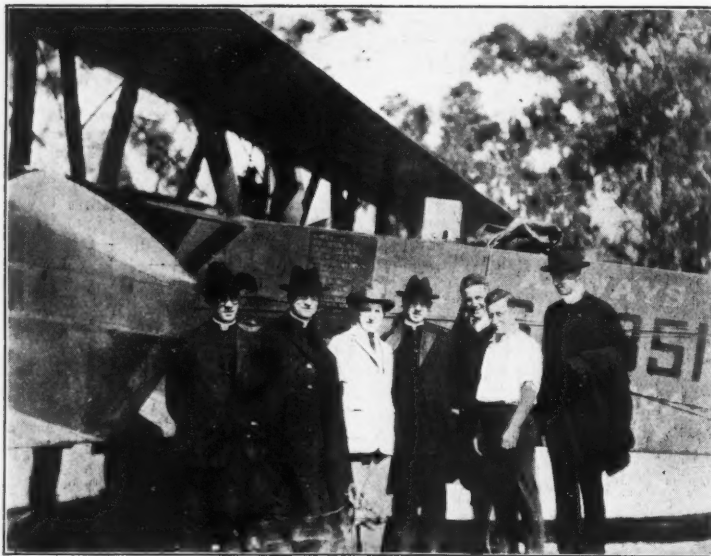
APPRECIATIONS.

Was not aware that my subscription had run out. I should not like to miss a single number of THE FIELD AFAR; too good to "pass it up."—Ohio.

As an electrolytist myself, I know a little about the get-up of magazines. I can truly call yours beautiful in every way.—New York.

I loaned my old copies of THE FIELD AFAR to the wife of one of the doctors here. Before she became an invalid, this woman was also a practicing physician, and a medical missionary in a Protestant hospital in Shanghai for several years. She dearly loves China. When she returned the magazines, she said she was agreeably surprised—they were the first missionary magazines she had ever seen that contained something besides statistics regarding baptisms and conversions. She said she had been absolutely hungry to hear some interesting missionary news about China, that she had now read THE FIELD AFAR magazine from cover to cover and back again, and that she had fairly reveled in the letters and descriptions and hadn't enjoyed anything so much in years as the account of the boat trip of the Sisters, up the river, to their new convent.—Rhode Island.

WILL READ THIS ISSUE OF THE FIELD AFAR.



OCTOBER MISSIONERS.

Just before they accepted an invitation to go up, at Clover Field, Los Angeles.

ONE of our latest missionaries, anticipating a possible use for aircrafts, accepted an invitation to "go up" at Clover Field, Los Angeles.

Fr. Lane was the passenger.

Fr. Morris asked him what kind of wood he preferred for his coffin, and the rest of the party escorted him to a demolished plane beside the hangar, the pilot of which had been killed the week before. Nevertheless, in spite of shaky knees and questionable symptoms from the region of the stomach, Fr. Lane soon appeared with complete outfit, was in the plane in a moment, and off the ground in another. The aviator, Lieutenant Schonhauer, of the United States Army, is an able pilot, and the plane was soon at the height of about four thousand feet. Fr. Lane

was up for almost a half hour, and sailed over Santa Monica Bay several miles, out over the ocean, and the mountains. He reports having made several acts of contrition and many aspirations, but the crucial moment came when in the midst of the flight, with the plane at four thousand feet, the Lieutenant stopped the motor almost entirely and asked Fr. Lane if he wanted to loop it. The Maryknoller merely pointed to the ground, and then came the second climax when the Lieutenant dropped about three thousand feet in three minutes. The earth seemed topsy-turvy, according to our sky-pilot, and he breathed an ardent "Thank God" when the wheels struck the ground. He thinks that the airplane will be Maryknollers' ordinary mode of travel before many years.

FORM OF REQUEST.

I give, bequeath and devise to the CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC., a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of New York,

(HERE STATE OR DESCRIBE THE REQUEST)

to have and to hold unto said Society forever, for the purposes for which it is incorporated, or for any other purpose which it may hereafter be authorized to accomplish.

Medical Mission Notes.

THE letter that follows is from one of our priests, and will tell its own story and illustrate a daily growing need of first-class medical help on the mission field:

Fr. Paschang, due to his great grit and Bro. John's skillful care, has weathered an attack of acute indigestion and worms. "For a while," Bro. John says, "it was 'nip and tuck' to pull Father out of danger."

Fr. Paschang was on his first trip of this year. At a place called Cha Shaan, at eleven o'clock at night, the attack of acute indigestion came on. He does not know how he lived until morning. Perhaps the vigorous thumps his companion catechist gave him compelled him to forget his pain.

Early in the morning he started for Tungchen, a journey of thirty miles, and eleven hours by chair. Bro. John says that when he arrived at Tungchen, he was bent over and could not walk. He had to be carried up to bed. Immediately Bro. John gave him morphine, and under its influence broke the cramps in the abdomen by massaging. He administered an enema, and for nine days at Tungchen, nursed him night and day. Between stomach pump and enemas, he finally got Father into a condition to return to Kochow.

At Tai Lei, on the half-way stop, twenty miles from Kochow, Fr. Paschang actually pulled out a worm from his throat. He arrived here a ghost of the smiling, confident man who had set out on a twenty-five-day mission trip.

This morning Fr. Paschang celebrated Mass for the first time in three weeks. He is still very weak from his long fast. In all, he had fourteen worms, which Bro. John says must have been growing in him for months. There is no doubt that he will fully recover. By the time you receive this letter, doubtless he will have forgotten he ever was sick. Today, however, he freely and gratefully says he owes his life to Bro. John. It is a valuable life, for Father is a real, dyed-in-the-wool missionary.

Fr. Dietz writes from Tungchen:

There is a young man here whom we treated at the mission for cataract, without the knife, and naturally failed. He says he has since been taking Chinese medicines and that his eyesight has greatly improved. His eyes do not really look much better, but one cannot help taking his word for it. It

reminds me of another case in which Chinese medicine seemed to help where foreign science said there was no hope.

A man came to us bloated with dropsy. Bro. John told me that he'd be dead in a few months. Sadly I broke the news to him, and then earnestly exhorted him to embrace the faith, expatiating on the transitoriness of life at its best, and urging him to prepare for heaven. Lo and behold, a few months later I meet the same man again, and he is back to normal. Astounded, I asked him how he did it. A native doctor, he said, had given him a prescription and enjoined him strictly not to eat SALT; and as long as he kept to that difficult task, his dropsy remained in abeyance.

The City of Kochow is ready to turn over to the Maryknoll Mission a small hospital that was built some years ago but is empty for lack of a doctor.

BROTHER JOHN WRITES:

I MADE the trip to Kochow alone. The journey meant travel by junk and sampan, and fifty-five miles in a joggling chair, through a country overrun with bandits and frightfully ravaged by their lawlessness.

It was night time when I arrived at Kochow; all at the mission were at night prayers, and the gates of the compound were locked. One of Fr. Meyer's boys let me in, and then informed Fr. Meyer that a Protestant minister was waiting to see him. When Fr. Meyer saw me all alone, he was alarmed, for recently two of his men had been forced by the bandits to carry their baggage, and had been shot on the road, because they were not able to carry on to the end.

Fr. Meyer's new property is a wonder. If he had paid \$50,000 for it, he would have made a bargain. As it is, he paid just a few thousand. There are several buildings already on it, and room for a dozen more. The Kochow hospital is adjacent to Fr. Meyer's place and has been offered to us at very reasonable terms. Built only two years ago, the building is a very substantial structure with four large and eight smaller rooms. A few hundred dollars

would suffice to equip it adequately, and the hospital would be almost self-supporting, perhaps entirely so. The population of Kochow is 6,000. Until now there has been no one to take charge of the place and it has been used as a pesthouse. Both times I visited the hospital, some unfortunate person was dying, and there was no one to minister to him. As soon as death is imminent, the caretaker removes the poor creature to the yard and leaves him to meet death, alone.

Fr. Meyer is ready to turn over the new property to the Sisters as soon as they are able to take possession of it.

Sister Gertrude's death was very lamentable. The Sisters must take the best care of themselves. It is worth noting that had Sr. Gertrude died a day sooner, the Sisters would have been on their way to Hongkong for their retreat, and would have been on the junk that went down and brought death to its two hundred passengers.

I shall be very glad when more Brothers come over for dispensary work as I have more to do than I can handle.

MARYKNOLL-IN-NEW-YORK
At 410 East 57th St., near First Avenue

Here are the offices of the Maryknoll Procure and the Medical Missions.

Many things come to me through THE FIELD AFAR Office and I find no names of the senders on them. All the mail carried recently by the *President Grant* was water-soaked in the deluging of fire on board the ship, and the names of senders were effaced from many packages in the soaking. One large case is still at the Hongkong Procure as we have no means of conveying it to the mission.

I hope to have a report ready very soon. Altogether, I have treated over 8,000 cases in the dispensary this year. If I take charge of the Kochow hospital next year, I shall be able to do even more good, for I shall have a fine place for my work and shall be able to manage better.

Best wishes to all the Knollers. And please acknowledge, through THE FIELD AFAR, the gifts I have received from many good people whose kindness I certainly appreciate, but whom I have not been able to thank.

Everybody's Reading It!

"As dainty a volume as has come to our table in a long time is 'Father Price of Maryknoll,' from the press of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Father Price was fifty-eight years old when he went as a missionary to China; and his career there was brief but notable. He impressed all who came in contact with him as an exceptionally holy priest; and his friends at Maryknoll have done well to publish this biographical sketch. Illustrations add to the interest."
—*The Ave Maria*.

91 pages. 9 illustrations. Blue cloth, stamped in gold.

Have you ordered your copy yet?

Send one dollar to THE FIELD AFAR Office and ask for

Father Price of Maryknoll

LET OUR ADVERTISERS KNOW THAT WE ARE WORTH WHILE.



The Circles' Corner

THE Little Flower Circle, of Summit, New Jersey, held a very successful "Medical Party." The proceeds were sent to the missions.

The Maryknoll Circle of Hamilton, Ohio, is unique in that it is the first to adopt a genuine Chinese name. It is called the Jeso Shing Sam (Sacred Heart) Circle, and its members are most enthusiastic in making garments for the babies and doing other sewing for the missions.

The St. Francis Xavier's Circle, of Philadelphia, Pa., was instrumental in bringing together the Maryknoll Circles of that city, for a meeting, which was held in the rooms of the Propagation of Faith Office. The Circle Director is grateful for the cordial reception extended and generous donations received.

Christmas boxes, expressive of thought and much good will, came to Maryknoll from:

Brooklyn Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Our Lady of Lourdes Circle, Buffalo, N. Y.; Star of the Sea Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Court Ave Maria Circle, New York City; St. Aloysius Circle, New York City; St. Peter's Circle, New York City; Regina Apostolorum Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary Immaculate Circle, Kingston, N. Y.

GIFTS FOR CHINA.

The following is a list of Circles from which donations have been received for missionaries in the field:

Mary Xavier Circle, Westfield, Mass.; Corpus Christi Circle, St. Paul, Minn.; St. Patrick's Circle, Westfield, Mass.; Alacoque Circle, Ansonia, Conn.; The Mary Circle, Bloomfield, N. J.; Little Flower Circle, Summit, N. J.; St. Lawrence O'Toole Circle, Brewster, N. Y.; Maryknoll-Yeungkong Circle, Corona, L. I.

NEW CIRCLES FORMED.

St. Peter's Circle, New York City; St. Francis of Assisi Circle, San Francisco, Cal.

WITHIN THE CIRCLE.

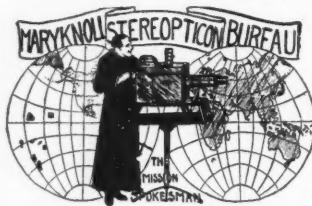
The Théopane Circle has made plans for a large Whist, which we hope to have soon. At our next meeting, we shall make bandages. — *Worcester, Mass.*

Enclosed find check for \$105 from the Holy Cross Mission Circle, of Newark. We should like \$5 of this to be sent to Fr. Dietz, of China, and the remainder to go to the mission funds.

The St. Columba Circle will give a Minstrel and Dance for Maryknoll. We hope, by this means, to interest some who probably know nothing of Maryknoll and its cause. — *Philadelphia, Pa.*

Our Circle met last night and made plans for another year. It was decided to have a "Movie Benefit" and also a Card Party to start our other \$250 fund for our Room. — *The Maryknoll Circle, Milwaukee, Wis.*

Enclosed find check for \$200 for our Yeungkong fund; also a check for \$12 which is for a Mass each month, as promised when we joined the Crusade of Prayer. You may expect, in a few days, a check for \$100 for a Leper Hut. — *Maryknoll-Yeungkong Circle, Corona, L. I.*



"And Jesus going out saw a multitude: and He had compassion on them." — *Mark VI, 34.*

This great multitude numbers, today, more than one billion infidels. There is no way in which we can be more pleasing to the

Sacred Heart of Jesus than by sharing His divine compassion for the spiritually destitute. Maryknoll Lectures will show you the lives of the millions who know not Christ. They will bring a knowledge of the exotic countries, and the far greater advantage of contact with the saints and martyrs of God. They can be used as a practical means of helping Maryknoll, by those who desire to be co-workers with Christ. Maryknoll offers the following lectures:

1. Maryknoll—Maryknollers at home and afar.
2. Theopane Venard—A Modern Martyr.
3. Just de Bretenieres—A Nobleman of God (martyred in Korea, March 8, 1866).
4. Northern Japan—Glimpses caught by Maryknollers (Yokohama, Tokyo, and Sendai).
5. Southern Japan—Glimpses caught by Maryknollers (Kyoto, Osaka, and Nagasaki).
6. Lourdes and its Mission Message.
7. San Ming—A Chinese boy and the Cross (a half-hour's treat for the children).
8. Maryknoll-in-China (available after Easter).

Address:

Maryknoll Stereopticon Bureau,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

AFTER TRIAL.

Enclosed is check for \$36.50, representing the proceeds from the recent lecture on the missions of Japan. — *Rev. Friend, Ohio.*

The lecture on "Southern Japan" was certainly beautiful and most instructive, and made a wonderful impression. — *St. Michael's Monastery, New Jersey.*

We think that "Théopane Vénard" is the best and most interesting lecture that we have had, and we enjoyed it all the more as we had just finished reading, in our refectory, Fr. Walsh's fine book *A Modern Martyr*. — *St. Columban's Seminary, Nebraska.*

OUR STUDENTS.

Nearly fifty new students have joined us this year. Many are so placed that they hesitate to appeal to the folks at home for financial aid.

At the Seminary, no tuition is required, but each student has considerable incidental expense—clothing, books, etc. Student-Aid foundations are maintained to relieve such cases, and additions to these are most useful and acceptable.

Three thousand dollars will provide for the education, board, and personal expenses of one student entering our Preparatory College (The Venard) as a beginner, and finishing his course at Maryknoll as a priest.

JOIN MARYKNOLL CIRCLES' CRUSADE OF PRAYER

Gifts and Gratitude.



Here is the latest coat of arms designed for himself by our Mission Superior in Korea. Note the Korean hat on the duck. Remark also the long bill — and other hints.

WITH thanks we acknowledge all gifts, old jewelry, and subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR and to The Maryknoll Junior which came from:

Alabama, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Canada, Canal Zone, China, Cuba, England, Ireland, Mexico, Newfoundland, Philippine Islands.

Books Received.

Chiquita and a Mother's Heart. By Henriette Eugénie Delamare. H. L. Kilner and Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25.

Art Principles in Literature. By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

Learning and Living. By Ephraim Emerton. Harvard University Press, Cambridge. \$3.

The Completed Diocesan Burses are:

St. Paul Archdiocese Burse.....	\$6,000
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Fall River Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Cleveland Diocese Burse (4) each.....	15,000
Pittsburgh Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Columbus Diocese Burse.....	5,000

NATIVE CLERGY BURSES.

Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	1,000.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	601.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	300.60

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Yeungkong Fund, II.....	1,826.65
Abp. Williams Fund, VI.....	11,000.00
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	646.60
Bl. Julie Billiart Fund.....	360.00
Holy Spirit Burse.....	800.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

SOME people—ever thoughtful—are not satisfied with performing a few acts of charity while living, but the whole-hearted zeal which animates their love of Christ urges them to set aside portions which, after death, enable others to enjoy the consolations of faith which had animated their own lives.

Wills have recently matured which total more than five thousand dollars. They came from Massachusetts, Alabama, Washington, and New York.

At the same time, we have received word from the estate of Patrick Moroney, Providence, R. I., that we have been named as beneficiaries.

Our home needs are not forgotten by friends in South Boston, who send the "stringless" variety—always so acceptable. To others, the idea of endowing a room in the Seminary has appealed; while our Burses have been increased by almost three thousand dollars.

Mission activities always have a strong appeal for some, and the Children of Mary, Greenwich, Conn., are no exception. Accompanying a substantial gift from these young women, recently, was the request that their offering be devoted to the work of the lepers.

From a Mission Unit in Denver comes a request that their very generous offering be used to erect a shrine to Our Lady of Lourdes, in one of the missions.

Priest-friends from Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Minnesota, and other places came to the front again, and, as a result of their kind thoughtfulness, several Mission Centers will receive heartening gifts.

A Duluth friend, mindful of student days, sent a very fine gift towards Student Aid; and from Washington, D. C., came an annuity of goodly dimensions.

BURSES A-BUILDING.

A Burse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary, or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual burse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

FOR OUR SEMINARY.

Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse.....	\$4,917.09
St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	4,766.50
Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Burse No. 2.....	4,573.18
The Most Precious Blood Burse.....	4,141.11
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse.....	4,050.00
All Souls Burse.....	4,019.41
Holy Souls Burse (Reserved).....	4,000.00
St. Patrick Burse.....	3,845.99
Curé of Ars Burse.....	3,550.10
St. Anthony Burse.....	3,425.06
Trinity Wekanduit Burse.....	3,293.53
St. Anne Burse.....	3,241.50
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse.....	2,610.06
St. Philomena Burse.....	2,605.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse.....	2,443.80
St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston Burse.....	2,222.76
Father Chapon Burse.....	2,173.50
College of St. Elizabeth Burse.....	2,105.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	2,071.89
Marywood College Burse.....	2,032.10
College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse.....	2,000.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse.....	2,000.00
St. Michael No. 2 Burse.....	1,200.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	1,898.05
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	1,897.60
Pius X Burse.....	1,735.00
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,734.07
Mother Seton Burse.....	1,712.25
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,561.98
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	1,411.70
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,357.75
Sister Mary Pauline Memorial (St. Elizabeth Academy) Burse.....	1,163.50
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	1,160.23
Omnia per Mariam Burse.....	1,115.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	988.76
St. John Baptist Burse.....	943.11
Susan Emery Memorial Burse.....	709.63
St. Rita Burse.....	692.15
St. Lawrence Burse.....	646.25
St. Michael Burse.....	641.50
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	613.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	507.03
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	424.01
St. Bridget Burse.....	340.00
Holy Family Burse.....	339.00
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse.....	324.00
Children of Mary Burse.....	284.05
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	253.86
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Burse.....	228.50
St. Boniface Burse.....	217.40
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	200.00
Our Lady of Victory Burse.....	184.00
The Holy Name Burse.....	165.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
All Saints Burse.....	139.28
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	138.50
St. Jude Burse.....	131.00
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	101.00

FOR OUR COLLEGE.

Little Flower Burse.....	4,341.45
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved).....	4,001.19
Anonymous Diocese Burse.....	3,000.00
Holy Encharist Burse (Reserved).....	2,100.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,608.80
"C" Burse II.....	1,500.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	647.50
St. Michael Burse.....	634.32
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	106.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	106.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

A MASS EACH MONTH FOR OUR MISSIONERS.

An annuity. If you are not acquainted with this happy method of looking out for yourself and for us at the same time, ask us about it. It will redound to your good—and ours.

The Burse of the Holy Eucharist (a memorial) has recently been taken from the incompleted list. This Burse has been gradually completed through the good will and generosity of an American bishop.

Forty-five hundred new names were added to our subscription list last month. These represented thirty-five States and six different countries. The States leading were, in the order named: Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

The Bishop of Lafayette, La., "treated himself," as he expressed it, "to a real worth while Christmas present" by sending an offering for a perpetual membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.

We have had many proofs of Bishop Jeanmard's kindness, and we are grateful for all.

If a father may be permitted to say something good about his boy, *THE FIELD AFAR* is justified in praising its offspring, *The Maryknoll Junior*.

This paper, larger in form, though fewer in pages than *THE FIELD AFAR*, has been pronounced by competent critics "an exceptionally well edited and most attractive publication for Catholic youth, which should be widely spread in the English-speaking world."

We invite our readers to send for a sample copy of *The Maryknoll Junior*, if they would verify the truth of the above assertion; or, simpler still, to forward to Maryknoll the subscription price for one year—ten copies. This will be only fifty cents. Make it a dollar bill, if you wish, and request a Maryknoll pin, or some other article to the value of the balance.

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS.

Living:—Rev. Friends, 5; R. C. M.; Mr. and Mrs. D. C. C.; M. M. and family; M. E. T.; A. C.; J. F. C.; P. McC.; K. F.; E. W.; J. and C. O'C.; M. F.; M. B.; C. P. O'M.; E. W.; M. A. McN.; Mrs. G. P.; J. J.; P. M.; M. P.; J. H.; A. L. Z.; J. K.; E. E. K.; C. K.; V. C.; R. C.; N. J. C.; W. J. McC.; M. F.; B. K.; M. S.; M. K.; A. McC. S.

Deceased:—Patrick, Andrew, and Lawrence Tierney; Thomas Murray; Mrs. Florence Murray; William D. Leahy; Mrs. Mary Tucker; Hannah Crowley; John Gleasner; Ellen Holahan; James Holahan; Sherman Bush; Elisabeth M. O'Malley; Patrick McNally; Bernard A. Connelly; Katherine F. Doherty; Margaret A. Donovan; Edward J. Collins; John Donnelly; Patrick O'Brien; Catherine A. Tierney O'Brien; Catherine Packenham; Elizabeth Haley; Rev. Charles A. Ullrich.

Pray for these souls:

Mother M. Columba Hayes, Sr. M. de Chantal, Sr. M. Francis Xavier (Hoffman), Sr. M. Mechtilde, Sr. M. Jeannette, Daniel J. Sullivan, Mary

Mannix, Mrs. Loretta O'Connell Plymire, William Francis Looney, Mary Beal, Mrs. Mary A. Foley, Mrs. Ellen Dobson, Dr. Daniel Buckley.

"THE PASSION PLAY"

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"The Passion Play" was founded in 1915 by Rev. J. N. Grieff, Rector of the Church of Holy Family of Union Hill, N. J. This was shortly after the World War broke out and Father Grieff believes the time opportune for the establishment of a permanent Passion Play in North America.

It should be another Oberammergau, but in North America; and as the Oberammergau of the American continent this Passion Play is known and produced in the Passion Play Auditorium at Union Hill, N. J.

This is not a motion picture. The acting time is 2½ hours. Over 100 people make up the cast. The scenes and costumes are historically and sartorially correct to the last detail in accordance with the time of Christ.

The net proceeds have been devoted for both foreign and home missions and also toward relief funds for the sufferers of Central Europe. The tenth consecutive season will open Sunday, March 2nd, 1924.

For further particulars write to Rev. J. N. Grieff, 545 Jefferson St., Union Hill, N. J.

STONES

and

ST. FRANCIS of ASSISI

THE little church of San Damiano stands on the slope of a hill outside the city walls of Assisi. In the days when Francis was still seeking the Lady Poverty, he chanced to walk near the crumbling sanctuary of this chapel and felt drawn to enter it. As he prayed before the altar, a voice spoke, it seemed, from the crucifix.

"Francis," it said, "go and repair my church which, as thou seest, is wholly a ruin." In obedience to this summons, the young man renounced his father's riches and begged stones of the townspeople, which he carried to San Damiano. He then helped to rebuild the church, despite the grievous fatigue occasioned by such unwonted labor. It is recorded that some of the townspeople mocked Francis as a madman when he asked them for stones. Others, of a more kindly disposition, listened to his request.

Townsfolk of today no longer have the privilege of giving St. Francis stones to rebuild San Damiano. But the voice from the crucifix still speaks to the hearts of all those who love God's dwelling among men. On the slope of another hill, at Maryknoll, New York, a Seminary for apostolic laborers stands unfinished. You are not asked to beg stones for it, nor to carry them in your hands, nor to place them in the walls. But as truly as the people in the days of St. Francis raised the walls of their chapel, you can build the walls at Maryknoll. Send for and fill a Stone Card. In future years, it will be good to know that you were among the kindly "townspeople." Address simply: Maryknoll, N. Y.




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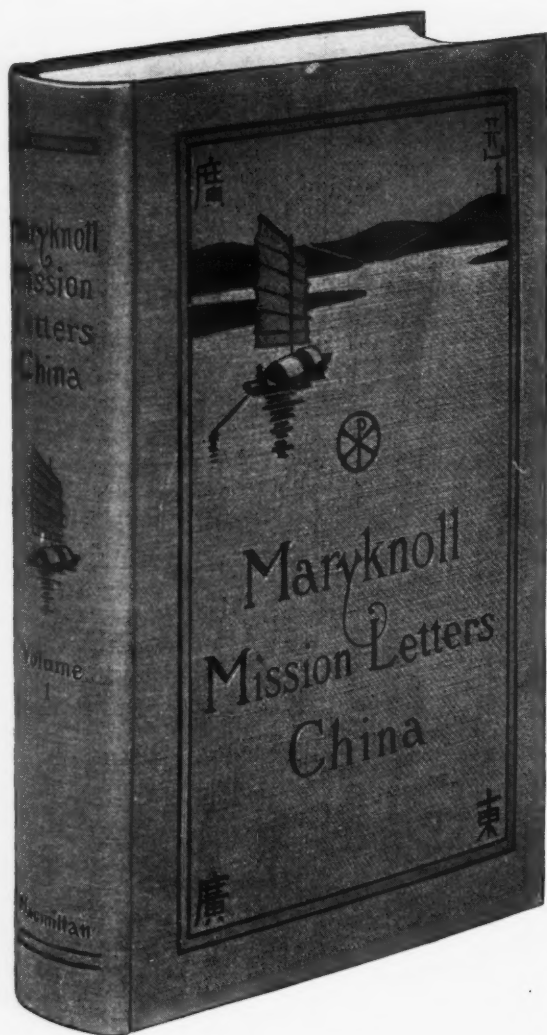
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Read what His Excellency, Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate, kindly says in the Preface:

The story told in the following pages is of unusual interest to me, since it has been my privilege, as Apostolic Delegate to Japan, to come into close contact with Catholic mission life in the Far East. With many, too, in Europe, as well as on the mission field itself, I have watched with ever increasing satisfaction the development in this country of the mission spirit, which is so signally exemplified by the work of the American Foreign Missions of Maryknoll.

Letters from the Maryknoll Missions have given to the bishops and priests of the United States, as well as to its laity, a picture of mission life which should redound to a marked increase of interest and zeal in this holy work. I believe that the printed record of these letters will do incalculable good, not only for the cause of the missions, in which our Holy Father and all Catholics worthy of the name are interested, but also because mission activities notably react in blessings to the homeland.

I heartily welcome the appearance of this book and wish it God-speed.

✠ P. Fumasoni-Biondi,
 Abp. of Dioileia,
 Apostolic Delegate.

Washington, D. C.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE, Maryknoll, N. Y.

N. B.—Through an error, this book was listed at \$2.50 in an earlier advertisement. Our readers will agree, when they see the volume, that it is worth not only the \$3.00 we must ask for it, but a great deal more.

